

# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Hugh Cecil.*

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## "Not by Bread Alone"

THOSE members of the new Government who expressed themselves as being afraid of being "wangled" out of the sweets of office must be agreeably surprised. They must admit that their opponents have not only played the game as sportsmen, but have played it with grace and courtesy. Mrs. Baldwin showing Miss MacDonald over the Prime Minister's residence in Downing Street and putting her up to the secrets of managing it may be taken as a typical example of the attitude of the defeated party to their successors. We mention this only to suggest that there are many ways in which two such opposites—the Labour Party and the Conservative Party—might work together. For example, there can be no difference in principle over preserving those open spaces in the country which either have been given by a public-spirited philanthropist, such as Mr. E. N. Buxton, or purchased by public subscription, as at Box Hill. As there has been a temptation in recent years to utilise similar areas for speculative building, the policy pursued by successive administrations has been to encourage their purchase for open spaces. They have not been moved by gross material motives to do this, but inspired by the belief that fresh air is the best medicine both for mind and body, whether it be taken while the lover of nature watches and waits till the wild thing forgets its cunning and builds its home or hunts its prey in full view; or whether inhaled during hard physical exercise in football, cricket, golf and other manly games. Health is not the only reward acceded

to those who kneel to the goddess of the open air. It does, indeed, give bodily health, but along with it a refreshment of the spirit that makes toil lighter and care less oppressive. It imparts a buoyancy and cheerfulness to the mind as well as elasticity to the muscles. It is more than bone and sinew, it is the very breath of life.

Following that line of thought we come naturally to the question of housing. About the need for more houses there is no difference of opinion. If the new Government can find a way of supplying them by any means that are not unjust or oppressive, they will have the enthusiastic support of the country. Yet, it is not sufficient merely to provide houses without paying attention to their comfort and amenity. The little cottage, as well as the big mansion, can be made pleasing to the eye and commodious. If it has a bit of garden ground with it so much the better. He who occupies his leisure in the same way as Father Adam occupied his in Eden will gain in spiritual as well as physical well-being. One feels sure that men of whom many have lived in small houses and loved them will not ignore this aspect of the question. It is not suggested that they should build little toy dwellings, but only that wherever it is possible they should make them good in their looks as in their construction. The worst examples of the makeshift house used to be found in pit villages, but happily those who work underground have long been awake to the pleasure of having a home that satisfies the inward eye as well as the outward eye.

Is it too much to hope that the new legislators will go further and try, as we have done if not in substance at least in picture and history, to preserve those domestic creations which were handed down to us from forefathers who delighted in them? Many of the Ministerial followers will make acquaintance with one of the best of its kind when they go to see the Prime Minister at Chequers. Here is a house beautiful in its surroundings and pregnant with interest even were it only for the mementoes of that national and democratic hero, Oliver Cromwell. Changes are, no doubt, impending in the future. Indeed, they are always impending, though there is no prophet to say what they are to be. It would, however, signify a deplorable loss to all who follow us if what had survived vicissitudes up to our time was not handed on to posterity. Beautiful buildings of the past not only satisfy the eye, but they produce the exquisite pleasure of surprise. They show that in what is called the dead past men and women have possessed beautiful conceptions and have had the power to express them in stone as well as on canvas. It is a great step in education when the child has been taught to understand that long before our oldest inhabitant came into existence men and women walked up and down where his own feet patter and that they were gifted and trained with a rich thoroughness which is easier to admire than to emulate. It is thus that the continuity of existence is maintained and the generations linked together. In the days of prosperity which economists are beginning to foretell it will be a great advantage if the Labour Government has faithfully kept all this in mind and worked for an England not wholly composed of mills, furnaces and other grim furnishings of industry; in other words, that they, too, have taken account of the great Christian thought that it is not by bread alone that we live. Recognition of that truth will not prevent them recognising that there is a beauty of the poppy as well as a beauty of the wheat.

## Our Frontispiece

LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, whose portrait is given as the frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is the only daughter of the Earl of Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and is accompanying her parents to South Africa on her father's appointment as Governor-General.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



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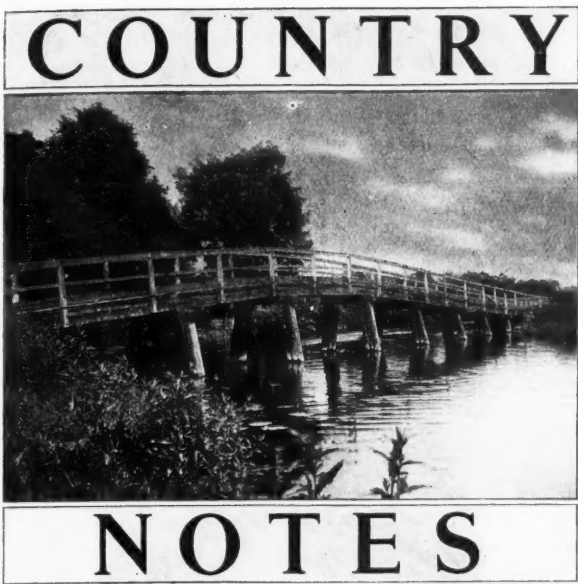
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IT is seldom that a life is so beautifully and appropriately rounded off as has been the case with the late Edward North Buxton. His career has been marked by a wonderful and persistent devotion to the worthy task of providing open spaces for the people. His first, and perhaps his greatest, effort in this direction was the part he played in securing Epping Forest as a national asset at a time when it was in the process of being divided among a multitude of owners. Following that came Hainault Forest, an adjoining area which at one time formed part of its greater neighbour. It was a work and a pleasure to him to set about planting and sowing with a view to achieving for this woodland the beauty for which it is now noted. At his death he revealed another generous scheme which had been long in his mind; it was to bequeath 215 acres in the Hatfield Forest, which lies between Bishop's Stortford and Harlow, to the National Trust to be held on behalf of the nation. His two sons, Mr. Gerald Buxton and Major Anthony Buxton, D.S.O., with the co-operation of other members of the family, have secured two more sections of the forest which they have added to the original area, making 350 acres in all. They ask that the whole should be treated as a single benefaction from the late Edward North Buxton. These two additions include the southern end of the park and the piece of woodland known as Gravelpit Coppice.

MR. BUXTON attached two very wise and reasonable conditions to his gift. One is, that the forest shall always be open to the Essex Hunt, and the other, that the Trust shall make provision for camping places for the Essex Boy Scouts and Girl Guides; and a fine place it will be for the assembly of those rising young people. For them and for others it is an advantage rather than otherwise that the forest is not quite so accessible as Epping Forest, which has a number of stations close to it and, therefore, is easily reached, a fact very evident on Bank Holidays, when the clear spaces are thronged with picnicking visitors, and merry-go-rounds and swings are the fashion. Hatfield Forest is reached by train from Liverpool Street to Bishop's Stortford. It is the usual outlet for the East as Box Hill is for the South. There is no railway station close to it, and the part now given to the public, being in the centre, has more seclusion than either of the other places that we have mentioned: it answers to Lord Grey's description of Box Hill as an untouched piece of "the earth's crust." Since Domesday was written, with its mention of the famous Doodle Oak, the forest has practically been devoted to sport, and the trees and herbage are such as would grow naturally on undisturbed land. In the great tree book by the late H. J. Elwes and Augustine Henry, the oak is mentioned as being 42ft. in girth, decayed. This book was published in 1907, and if Domesday Book was published in the eleventh century, the tree would be over eight hundred years old. Needless to say, the forest is a favourite bird haunt, and in

some quarters it is hoped that part of it will be made into a bird sanctuary. That would not interfere much with the freedom of the visitor, because a very small portion of ground will serve as a nesting place for birds, and it is much wiser to inculcate in all visitors the habit of taking care not to disturb these wild inhabitants of the forest, which are a beautiful appendage of the gift now made to the nation, that is to say, to every individual visitor.

IT is good to find Brigadier-General Bruce so confident about the result of the present year's attempt on Mount Everest. It is true that absolute confidence is not meant, because there are fortuitous happenings that would make the most determined effort of no avail. General Bruce cannot control the weather. He shows, however, in his contribution to the *Times* that the way is paved for success if only the elements are not virulently hostile. The experience gained has enabled him to know beforehand what provisions will be required for the enterprise and what other arrangements should be made. A great deal depends upon the monsoon. It was delayed last year and the conditions, therefore, were more favourable than they were the year before. So little time is available for operations that a single week may make the difference between success and failure. It will be a great victory for him to achieve because he says the "dominant note of the whole undertaking, first, last, and foremost, is a great adventure—almost now become a pilgrimage."

AFTER lasting little more than a week, the strike ended in the early hours of Tuesday morning. There had been an all-night sitting of a conference for a settlement at the Euston Hotel, the managers having met in the morning and in the afternoon communicated with the Mediation Committee of the Trades Union Congress and with Mr. Bromley. Everyone was glad to hear that an end had come to this very troublesome business: the strike was most unnecessary. If a Trades Union or any section of it is going to call a strike because a Wages Board decision is unfavourable, the result must be chaotic. Everyone was pleased at the creation of this body; it seemed to provide for a friendly and impartial discussion over any possible cause of disagreement between employers and employed, and everywhere the arrangement was lauded as a preventive to strikes. The railway strike means something more than opposition to the employers. It throws out of gear a system of transport which has become a necessity to the country, and thousands of people who have nothing whatever to do with trade disputes are put to the greatest inconvenience and consequent loss. The labour unions do not seem to take any pains to see that the innocent do not suffer.

"AS A MAN THINKETH . . ."

What if the wishes hidden in his mind  
Shall prove the Heaven every man shall find,  
When he is called from all he knows and sees  
To strange infinities?

And he who hopes that life may end in sleep,  
Dreamless and still eternal rest shall keep.  
And who the Heavenly City would behold  
Shall walk its streets of gold.

So when my eyes shall open after Death  
I may see woods and waters, moor and heath,  
All dear, familiar things may see again,  
Fairer . . . untouched by pain.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE seventy-two hole match in California between our Open Champion, Arthur Havers, and Gene Sarazen, who has held the American Professional Championship for two years, ended on Sunday in a win for Sarazen by five up and four to play. This result was not surprising. Sarazen is a most formidable golfer and was playing in his own country and his own climate; and though we hoped Havers would win, we hardly expected him to do so. It is a great pity that the first half of the match had to be played in such cataclysmic rain that the course is described as resembling a duckpond, and the putter was discarded

for the mashie on the green. To have to loft over a puddle into the hole is a test of versatility and determination, but it is hardly golf. However, the conditions were the same for both players, and there is no more to be said. We are a little apt to regard Americans as fair weather golfers; but, if they are not much accustomed to our seaside winds, they can play wonderfully well in rain that would keep us indoors. The weather during the qualifying rounds of the Championship at Brookline in 1922 was unspeakable. The course was a marsh dotted with lakes. Yet the golf of Mr. Guilford, Mr. "Chick" Evans and Mr. "Bobby" Jones was almost incredibly good and would have been remarkable in perfect conditions.

LAST Saturday produced a particularly interesting crop of Rugby football matches. Ireland by beating France did much to shatter the dashing Frenchmen's chances of carrying off the championship, and at the same time made England rather uneasy about the forthcoming match at Belfast. The Irish forwards played with much of the old irresistible fire that distinguished them in the days of the Ryans, and Irish forwards "with their tails up" might go through a brick wall. They have, however, the defects of their qualities, and may find English solidity and stolidity a stumbling block. Oxford came within inches of losing their unbeaten record when almost on the call of time Blackheath scored a try near the posts. The Blackheath place-kicker was, however, overcome by pity or the importance of the occasion and missed his shot. The Harlequins, whose backs can be almost as brilliant as were A. D. Stoop and his fellows, were much too good for Cambridge, and Richmond beat the London Scottish despite a chapter of accidents which left them with one man limping helplessly in obvious pain and two with heads swathed in bandages. The Scottish back division was gleaming, metaphorically, in the purple and gold of international caps, which caused one Richmond supporter to shout again and again with bitter iteration, "Well played Richmond. Not one International!" They proved, however, very ineffective and the Richmond forwards played like heroes and won a really gallant victory.

THE Commission of Fine Arts has been deservedly welcomed on all sides, and, while some may question the absence of one name, or the presence of another, there can be no doubt that the Commission will carry great weight and fill a gap which, from being a public scandal, has grown into a national tragedy. Though the Commission will no doubt serve as a rallying point for the preservation societies, its field must comprise principally contemporary architecture and town planning. But while it is too much to hope that such a purely advisory body will be able to co-ordinate the odd hundred local authorities who have absolute and independent control of the suburban areas of London, it is equally clear that town planning, zoning and traffic regulation, being civic arts, cannot be separated entirely from the fine arts. If the Commission can voice the vague feeling that is rapidly gaining ground to-day, that a longer, broader outlook must be taken in civic administration; that dignified thoroughfares and noble buildings, healthy dwellings, vistas and open spaces are not sentimental luxuries, but æsthetic and, therefore, physical necessities, then the Commission will be fulfilling its function. Perhaps the most dangerous rocks ahead will be reached when the Commission is compelled to disapprove the work of one or other of its members. Good critics are not always the best of artists, nor *vice versa*, of course.

CORRESPONDENCE has been appearing in several contemporaries prompted by the response to the COUNTRY LIFE Interior Decoration Competition. Mr. R. W. Symonds has been commenting on the disappointing response and the "nervousness and unrest" of modern decoration as a whole. In reply, Sir Lawrence Weaver, one of the judges and director of the United Kingdom exhibits, pointed out how great a number of would-be

competitors were already engaged to their utmost on the Exhibition. In addition, it is hardly strange that in this self-conscious and transitional period, designs are apt to be "nervous" or mere copies. The prize designs show, however, that original and sound ideas do certainly exist, relying not only on colour, but on simple massing and design. But Mr. Symonds is only too right when he deplures that, with so few exceptions, architects pay too little attention to interior decoration, whereas in the eighteenth century each room was a part of the original conception.

THE most material point in Mr. Wheatley's Glasgow speech on the Government housing policy was a rather diffident suggestion that it was surely not beyond the wit of modern politicians to bring the unemployed into touch with building materials. If the Labour Government could achieve this, and we believe it could, in spite of almost inevitable opposition from the builders' unions, which Mr. Wheatley pooh-poohed, a hold would be taken on two ends, at least, of the Gordian knot. The supply of builders and plasterers in London is totally inadequate to the demand. The reason is, briefly, that no apprentices are coming forward to replace the natural wastage plus the war wastage. Sir William Joynson-Hicks explained this very clearly in his speech in the House of Commons on January 17th. He said that if there were more labour available, he could sanction every week the building of 5,000 houses instead of 3,500. His comparison between the number of bricklayers, plasterers and slaters in 1901 and to-day is a most effective proof that there is no unemployment in the skilled sections of the building trade. The country is already spending millions on relief; some could well be diverted to the training of an adequate number of building operatives, with drafts, if necessary, to the brickfields. Yet, the scheme is very far from simple. The State must expect a permanent loss on all houses. And, unless a new and broad view is taken by all concerned, the "housing schemes" of to-day may become the slums of to-morrow. Sooner or later, we believe, the two-storeyed house in a network of streets, which will inevitably deteriorate, will have to yield to the twelve-storeyed dwelling containing six hundred persons and surrounded by open spaces.

#### MAGPIES.

"One for sorrow and two for mirth"  
High in the windy boughs they perch,  
Swoop like a flash on the bare brown earth,  
Ravage the trees in frantic search;  
There they go as they shriek and chatter,  
Wicked of eye and wild of feather,  
Bickering all day long, what matter?  
Spring is coming and both together!

There she sits in the tasselled larch  
Magpie feathers no longer gay;  
Sweet winds comfort her, winds of March!  
Turn her eyes to the perfect day;  
Ah, let the nest its black twigs scatter!  
Scatter, hopes of the happy morrow!  
Gone the loveliness, stilled the chatter—  
Two for mirth and one for sorrow!

ELISABETH S. FLEMING.

A CORRESPONDENCE in the *Times* as to the origin and early history of squash rackets at Harrow has produced several interesting letters, and none more so than that of Lord Dunedin, who went to the school in 1863. At that date there were various out-of-door courts of a natural or casual order, each with its separate and peculiar hazards, but there was no enclosed rectangular court with four walls. When, in 1864, the first covered rackets court was made, one of the old open rackets courts was cut up into four Eton and three Rugby fives courts. Harrovians condescended to play the Eton game, but Rugby fives apparently struck them as a dull game, whereas the court



was clearly intended by providence for the game of squash. Therein, as Etonians will think, at any rate, they showed their good sense. Rugby gives chances of fine slamming and hard exercise, but it lacks the finesse and the almost infinite variety given by the pepper-box and the other excrescences of the Eton court. Lord Dunedin adds that "of course they played with the old squash hollow ball with a hole in it," and is clearly of the school that believes the present game too much a test of endurance.

MR. ASQUITH'S new book of essays, "Studies and Sketches," which is published by Hutchinson, is a good example of the literary work of a great lawyer. The style has the forensic merit which one would expect, that is to say, a silvery clearness and the logic that is difficult to answer though not always convincing. He is at his best in

discussing Greek tragedy, and less successful when he deals with such a theme as Victorian literature. Here we find evidence to show that he is not really critical. No man could at the same time give full value to the high spirits and bright humour of Fielding and to the more febrile style of Richardson. These, of course, are not Victorians, but they are dealt with in the book, and those who study the chapter on the literature of Queen Victoria's reign will see how well it applies to the novelists of that time. A Thackeray man cannot in the depths of his heart be a Dickens man also, just as an out and out Tennysonian could not well be a Browningite; in other words, Mr. Asquith's study, excellent as far as it goes, does not 'carry' into the differences that for ever separate one individuality from another. His criticism may easily pass with the general reader, but has not depth enough for the hard and serious student.

## A COMEDY OF WILD LIFE

MY *penchant* for photographing terns, having developed into a determination to secure, if possible, a set of pictures illustrating something of the home life of our five British species, had led me into wanderings far afield. At Ravenglass, in Cumberland, I had made first-time acquaintance with the Sandwich tern, the common tern and the lesser tern, and had succeeded after three visits in making photographic records of the ways of life of each of them. There remained the very plentiful Arctic tern and the exceedingly rare roseate tern, and the problem arose as to whether it was possible to discover a habitat in which, even if the two species did not fraternise, at least they might be found nesting in close proximity.

Happily, a solution of the problem presented itself under which, by permission of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, I was enabled to spend a holiday week on a lonely lighthouse built at the centre of a close-set group of rocky islets and stacks out in a by-pass of the Atlantic on which, so report stated, the roseate tern nested sparingly, and the more northerly ranging species, the Arctic tern, nested in plenty. And, in this case, it happened that reality proved better than rumour, for, in addition to finding both species nesting there, I discovered that a large body of common terns had also made sanctuary with them; and that, while the Arctic terns were predominant and kept to themselves the larger portion of the islands, the few pairs



THE NEST OF RABBIT BUTTONS.

of roseates shared the same nesting grounds as the more peaceably disposed common terns on the outlying fringes of the group. During the early part of my week I had devoted my energies to the study and depiction of the rarer species—the roseate. For the remainder of the time the main interest of my camera work lay with the more numerous and aggressive Arctic terns: happily, as it turned out, with good success in either case.

Unexpectedly enough, it transpired that the main islet on which the Arctic terns nested annually possessed also a stranded insular race of rabbits—smaller, thinner and more sparingly developed than the well fed bunnies one usually sees on the mainland, where, naturally, they are able to enjoy a wider range of liberty and a

greater variety of food. Indeed, to a casual visitor it seemed difficult to understand how this isolated colony of rabbits managed to maintain a winter existence on the thin, wiry, sparse-grown grass that carpeted so thinly the central island, and from which, apparently, they drew the whole of their food supplies.

That, however, is another story, perhaps with some incidents of tragedy. My present purpose is to portray the lighter side of wild life as it centred between certain of the rabbits, on the one side, and a group of their winged antagonists, the aggressive Arctic terns, on the other.

*En passant*, it may not be out of place to refer to an amusing sidelight that illumined the odd relationships between the



HE STOOD BY TO SEE THE DUTY DONE.



THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE APPEARS



AND SOON FEELS VERY MUCH ASHAMED OF HIS CONDUCT.



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bunnies and the birds, one that emphasises the fact that, as a rule, the latter utilise the materials nearest to hand for the purpose of nest-building. For, strolling about the island solitudes, one frequently came across evidence of the rabbits' presence in the quantities of the "buttons" they had left behind them after their gambols. In more than one instance the terns had gathered up collections of these for making their nests. Our first illustration shows such a nest of Arctic terns, formed of more or less concentric accumulations of what must surely be the strangest of all strange material ever used by a pair of birds in making their nest! What an uncanny nursery world for the baby terns to be ushered into!

As, with one's day's work done, one stood with the keepers at the front door of their mansion watching the pale shades of evening deepen over sea and sky and the distant hills of the mainland, watching also the sleek and timorous rabbits creep out of their burrows for their evening frisk and feed, the fun

of developments. This, as may be seen, was just where the naked island rock gave way to a softer surface of grass; the loose soil scratched out in excavation bestrewn the nearer approaches to the hole. And the only touch of civilisation in this little sea-island setting was a discarded jam-pot lid that by some strange chance had become wedged obliquely into the ground just at the rear of the tern's nest, and which all but touched the crossed wing-feathers of the bird as she sat there reposeful and faithful to her duty.

After the lighthouse keeper had seen me neatly tucked up in my shelter and had retired to watch developments from his front door, the restored quiet of the scene soon brought back the bird owners to their treasures, and, evidently drawing upon previous experience, Father Tern thought it politic to see his wife safely home, free from molestation from her tiresome neighbours, and then to leave her settled on the eggs. This incident is recorded in our second illustration, where the mother tern



THE MOTHER TERN PROTESTED VIGOROUSLY AND SCREAMED OUT FOR HER HUSBAND,



WHO WALKED RIGHT DOWN INTO THE ENEMY'S "DUG-OUT" AND GAVE HIM A PIECE OF HIS MIND.

sometimes became fast and furious. For the rabbits could not travel far in amorous hot-foot chase without unwittingly running their heads into a hornet's nest of resentful terns, which naturally objected to such large flat-footed creatures as wildly excited rabbits chasing each other in too close proximity to their treasures. And so chase followed trespass in quick succession, and punishment was sometimes severe if the underground refuge of the fugitive bunnies was not near at hand.

Seeing there were possibilities of some photographic fun in the situation, I moved up my hiding crate into the disputed territory and awaited events—events which, as it chanced, enabled some of the photographs which represented them to compose the scenes of the little drama which it is the purpose of this sketch to unfold. Its setting was a spot where just in front of me was a tern's nest with its two eggs in an advanced stage of incubation, and with the bird sitting tight in anticipation

is just tucking the eggs comfortably into her under feathers while "he" stands by to see the duty done.

Obviously, the "mischiefs" underground were auditors of the proceedings above, as Mistress Tern was of what was going on below, for presently, doubtless again as the result of previous experience, she thought she had better face the possibilities of the situation. She therefore turned herself round in order to keep a constant eye on her neighbour's doorstep and so be ready for emergencies. Nor had she long to wait, for, though it was broad afternoon, one of the rabbits, realising that quietude reigned outside, came padding up his tunnel, and, as is the wont of all his timorous tribe, he settled down on his doorstep to take stock of the situation. There he remained for some time, and, from the animation which seemed to possess each of the actors in this little scene, the dialogue appeared to be both familiar and entertaining. And so it remained for some little time. Apparently, however, Mr. Bunny must have exceeded the

limits of politeness by passing personal remarks that his lady friend was unable to appreciate, for presently she did a half right-turn away from his sauciness, though still watching him closely. And from the next picture in the story it would appear that Mr. Bunny realises he has "gone too far," for, squatting his ears and withdrawing himself a little into his shell, he is seen to be gazing rather shamefacedly at his offended companion and wondering what the next move is going to be.

But at a sound as of the approaching swish of wings, he suddenly became wide awake, flashed himself round to a position of advantage, and, with ears erect and eyes alert and expectant, he made himself ready to bolt in case anything untoward came along. And the sitting bird in the meantime edged a little further away, though still "watching the game." But the expected arrival did not materialise, and the Mother Tern, turning tail completely on the scapegrace bunny, he thought he might at least return that resentful compliment, and then, emerging fearlessly from his shelter, the pangs of hunger doubtless adding point to his courage, he skipped lightly on to the grass and began to feed, his little white bob-tail and his raised hind-pad being easily visible in the picture.

And here it should be remarked that a little way behind the stage on which this little drama was being played was the lighthouse-keeper's garden—walled in, of course, as a protection against the marauding bunnies. Earlier in the day, when dinner was in preparation, the *chef* had thrown out over the garden wall some waste leaves of cabbage; and the joyful rabbit, obviously

not for the first time, scouting over the grass to this succulent find, began to drag it over the short distance that led to his front door. In doing this he made such a commotion that his vigilant companion, the tern, became thoroughly alarmed and concluded it was time to protest vigorously. She raised herself from the nesting hollow, switched round, and, with wings extended and flapping rapidly, with her tail, too, quivering at the angle of excitement, she stooped at her tormentor and assumed the threatening attitude seen in the next picture. During these exciting moments, also, she managed to dislodge the lid of the jar that had composed the hinder rim of her nest, and this, rolling forwards in the direction of the rabbit hole, so alarmed in turn the fearsome bunny that he gave up everything for lost and bolted down his chambers as fast as his legs, aided by the fearsome compulsion behind him, could carry him along.

At the same time Mistress Tern screamed out loudly for the assistance of her mate. The call was heard and answered on the instant. The enraged husband, doubtless not for the first time, was there in a moment, and, realising the situation at a glance, and despite the fact that bunny had disappeared, he tossed the offending cabbage leaf aside and walked right down into the enemy's dug-out. Needless to say, a volley of very eloquent and very expressive bird language went reverberating through the passages underground, though, while its accent was unmistakable, the exact terms in which it was expressed will, I fear, never be known, for, unfortunately, they could not be caught with sufficient distinctness in the auditorium! W. BICKERTON.

## ART AND ANGLING

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

THE outlook in our chalk-stream valley is bleak. The flooded water-meadows gleam drearily under a grey December sky, and road-menders' scrapings have coloured our favourite trout stream to such an extent that it is not worth while to venture forth and spin for a pike, although the fishmongers' slabs in the neighbouring town are glittering with sprats, generally a safe lure in these parts for the tiger of the stream. There is nothing for it but

to betake myself indoors and find consolation in memories of past angling days, aided, it may be, by books and by pictures. The worst of most pictures of rivers and of streams, beautiful as some of them are, is that the water in them usually looks still; it does not flow or glide. Painters of seascapes, it is true, can sometimes show a surface heaving to a swell, or great waves breaking on a beach, with a gale of wind skimming the spray from off their summits. Some sea artists can do this so graphically



'A LIKELY CAST.'





Nicholas W. Kinnear

"TROUT FISHING, INCHLAGGAN."



Nicholas W. Kinnear

"TROUT FISHING, RIVER GARRY."

that, when looking at their pictures, you seem to hear the crash of the breakers intermingling with the rattle of the pebbles in the backwash. Such scenes, attractive though they may be, are too wild and too stormy to provide consolation upon a dark winter's day. The angler requires something quite different of the fresh-water artist. He wants, like Izaak Walton, the great master of the angle—and the pen—to sit—

viewing the silver streams glide gently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which break their waves and turn them into foam. . . .

And then he can exclaim, with the master:

As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth

And possess'd joys not promised at my birth.

The water in a picture must glide like the water of a trout stream in nature, if it is to bring back to the winter-bound angler vivid memories of spring and summer days on the banks of his favourite streams.

I know of one artist, and only of one, who can do this service for the angler. Mr. Norman Wilkinson's pictures of salmon pools in Scotland have for some time been a joy to fortunate fishers therein. This year he has turned his attention to trout fishing in the North, and three of his dry-point etchings, which now lie before me in my study, have made me forget the discomforts and hopeless outlook of our water-meadows in January; they have transported me to the clear, clean air of Scotland, and aroused memories of past days and hopes for the future. I will take the three in detail, and treat them from the point of view of the angler, rather than from that of the artist, with whose methods I am not familiar. I can only judge of them by results, and I hope that the same test will not be applied to myself as an angler, as I have no ambition to join the brotherhood who measure their joys in fishing entirely by the weight of their baskets. One of the etchings, called "Trout Fishing, River Garry," shows that famous river in one of its higher reaches, flowing smoothly, with slight indications of turbulence where the bottom is uneven, under a broken bank clad with silver birch and bracken. The method of producing the effect is a mystery to me, but the water moves, and the impression is accentuated as the distance of the eye from the etching is increased. To the expert artist, I suppose that this plate is the best of the three; the work is so clean, and the contrasts and gradations of light and shade so clearly cut. The angler has a trout on. He is wading, and the fish is below him. The slight turbulence down-stream indicates concealed rocks and deep water, so we may, perhaps, assume that he cannot wade down to his fish. He must, therefore, haul it bodily up-stream to the net which, being an optimist, he has already lowered into the water. The fish, from its girth, we put at over 1lb. in weight. It has its own views of the situation, and is struggling tail in air. We

wish the angler joy of his experience, and hope that his optimism is justified, though we note a certain anxiety in his pose. He recalls to my mind an experience of my own at the end of last season. At the bottom of my orchard runs the river. You approach it at a spot where there is about five yards of clear bank. Up-stream, to your left, is a tangle of brambles overhanging the water, and, at the time, some driftweed had caught therein. Down-stream, to your right, is a little boat-house. I had my rod with me on this occasion, but no waders. The tip of the nose of a large trout appeared above the surface, just clear of the drift-weed to my left. I hooked the fish at the second cast. He played strongly, first up-stream and then, to my horror, down-stream, to the boat-house. I could not follow him along the bank. I was obliged to check him, or he would have got the gut round one of the supports of the boat-house roof. The strain was tremendous. It nearly broke my little greenheart rod, and how the fine gut held was beyond my comprehension. At last, after what seemed like an hour, but could not have been more than three or four minutes, I did manage to haul him up against the stream, slipped the net in below him, and by a wonderful stroke of luck he headed straight into it in a second down-stream rush, and I lifted him out. He weighed 13lb. I wish our optimistic angler friend in the picture a similar stroke of luck, and will now pass to a loch-fishing scene ("Trout Fishing, Inchlaggan") of a boat with its anglers and boatman silhouetted against a sunset sky. The conditions of light and absence of ripple are against the fishers, but you never know your luck in a loch. Little catpaws of breeze are touching the surface here and there, so perhaps all will be well. The atmospheric effects, the passing shower, and the lights and shades on moor and mountain are worthy of the artist.

And now we come to another, which is named "A Likely Cast." This, to any trout fisher, is a perpetual joy. The eye is at once arrested by the intentness of pose of the angler. Then it passes to the gliding current, to a wooded promontory with overhanging boughs, under which there is obviously a likely lie for good trout, and thence to the middle and far distance of moor and copse. This is my favourite of the three. As a picture, it is the most perfect in composition. I should, however, be inclined to change the title, because of the bend of the rod. It is true that a rod does swing forward to a somewhat similar curve at the end of a vigorous cast of the fly, as the slow-motion cinema men have lately proved ("Battles with Salmon" and "A Flyfisher's Festival" films); but, if I lived with the picture, I should think of the rod as fixed in the position shown, obviously with a fish on—the curve is too pronounced to be produced by the pull of a trout-fly in the current. I think that I should christen the etching "Got Him!" or by some such title, instead of "A Likely Cast"; but this, perhaps, is hypercritical. The picture has given me much joy, and will, I hope, do the same for other anglers.

## THE MOONFLOWER

(*Ipomæa Bona-nox*).

Upon the earth there grows a lovely flower,  
Which keeps its beauty and sweet scent for me.  
Until the cool and fragrant evening hour  
It hides its head in sweet humility.  
The glowing sun would claim it for his own  
And with his rays he seeks for it at noon.  
But hidden in the shade it waits alone

Its petals sadly drooping, till the moon  
Whose soft and gentle advent it has seen  
Lifts up my pale flower's fragile head to show  
That if to others cold appears its mien  
He sees the light and warmth within it glow.  
I shall not to the whole wide world proclaim  
That shy and modest moonflower's proper name.

L. B.

## THE LENGTH of the STIRRUP LEATHER

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

THE length of our leathers is so intimately connected with balance in the saddle—the subject of my last article—that it comes as a natural sequel. We can never expect to maintain a true balance unless we have paid special attention to this apparently unimportant matter. If we look round us in the hunting field, we shall search in vain for uniformity. We shall see "the steeplechasing gent" with his stirrups very short, and we will also see quite a large number who are riding very long. If we seek advice, we shall get a variety of replies which will leave us no wiser than before.

Some people will say that a fat horse requires a longer (or shorter) leather than a thin one, others that it depends upon the shape of the rider's legs. Some say that a man with round thighs must ride shorter (or longer) than a man with flat thighs. No one will be able to tell you what round thighs are, what they mean, or what they imply. But that will not matter in the least; you will, undoubtedly, be assured that it is intimately connected with the length of the stirrup leather. The more questions you ask the more bewildered you will become, until you give up wondering, and carry on in the way that seems to suit best.

The question is, after all, a very simple one, and can be explained without very much difficulty. It is one of stride, and

that alone decides the matter. If you are riding a horse with straight shoulders and a tied-in action, you can ride longer than if you are on a horse with a good frontispiece and free movement. If you are only going to jump very small obstacles at a steady canter, you can ride longer than if you intend to jump big fences at a fast gallop. If you are going to ride a steeplechase, you must ride shorter than if you were out hunting. The reason being nothing more nor less than the stride, or spring, the horse is going to make.

We must remember that every pace beyond the walk is, in reality, a succession of jumps. The simple jog (when the horse is fidgety) represents a jump at every stride of about 6ins., the steady trot, of about 2ft. to 4ft., the canter, of 6ft. or so, and the extended gallop, 10ft. These are, roughly speaking, the distance the horse is actually in suspension. It does not represent the length of the stride, which is another matter altogether. From that we get to the varied distances of the leap, which, seldom under 10ft., can extend to 25ft. and even more. Thirty feet is common in the annals of hunting when recording exceptional jumps. Twenty feet is so common that it is done by almost every good horse out of a canter (when given freedom by his rider). Unfortunately, we have no records of steeplechasing, but



it would be extremely interesting if we had measurements of what horses have done at, we will say, the first fence at Liverpool.

It stands to reason, therefore, that if we are riding a horse that is going to cover 25ft. in his stride, we must ride shorter than if we never expect to cover more than 10ft. If, however, we are hacking to the meet, we can reasonably expect that we shall do nothing more than trot (or, say, a 4ft. to 6ft. spring); we should then ride at a suitable length for that sized stride and only pull up our stirrups when we arrive at the meet. In the same way, when hacking home, especially if both horse and rider are tired, we should let the stirrups out, because the spring will not be over 4ft. or so.

In dealing with this subject, we must remember two things: the shorter the stirrup, the more it throws back the weight on to the horse's loins at the walk, and stand, and the more cramped the rider becomes. We should always remember to ride as short as we must, but not shorter than we need. A rider, for example, with a steeplechase seat throughout the whole of a day's hunting would bring back both himself and his horse tired out. This, I think, sufficiently deals with the laws of length, and we will now turn to the reasons for their enforcement.

If a rider is riding too long—when jumping a fence particularly—it is very difficult for him to be properly balanced in the saddle, and he will find himself "left behind." This produces a variety of undesirable results, all or any of which may occur. The horse gets a jab in the mouth, he has to jump with the rider's weight on his loins, he jumps without freedom, and he may even fall on that one account alone. In fact, an unbalanced jump is a most uncomfortable thing for both horse and rider, and, what is more, it is dangerous. Consequently, if we want to cross a country well and safely, we cannot think too much of the ever-present problem of balance. To show how important it is to the horse, let me relate the following experience, which very clearly proves the point in question.

One day I was jumping a post and rails on a very highly trained and accomplished performer, and several times in succession the top rail was knocked down. An onlooker expressed surprise that the horse had gone off his jumping to such an extent, and advocated getting out the whip and "tickling him up" a bit. But it struck me that, as the ground was sloping upwards on the take-off side, that I might do well to shorten my stirrups a little, so I pulled them up, only one hole, and put the horse at the rails again. This time I realised that I was much better balanced, and the result was most apparent. The rails were cleared by over 6ins. each time afterwards without difficulty. The horse had recovered its form! The fault, truly, was mine all the time; the horse had never been to blame. This shows, if anything can, how important these apparently

small things are, and what a difference they make to both our safety and comfort during a day's hunting.

Having now given both rule and reason, let us finally try to explain how the rule comes to be. Why should we have to ride shorter because the horse's stride or leap is bigger? The answer is to be found on the floor of the gymnasium. If we wish to jump on foot a distance of 2ft. or so, we find we can do that with a very slight effort, and we need only bend our knees a little. But supposing we are called upon to jump as far as we are able, we find we have to sink our bodies until our knee joints form about a right angle. These two exercises have their analogy in the saddle, in the steady trot and the steeplechase.

Supposing, however, we sank so that our knee joints formed an angle less than 90°, we should find we had overdone it, and we should not be able to jump so far. Here we have the example of the over-short rider, who looks so grotesque on the racecourse. There are limits to everything, and I think it may be said that it can never be necessary to ride shorter than the right angle.

There is yet one further point which must not be overlooked. The length we ride depends very much upon where we sit in the saddle. A length that appears almost short when sitting in the centre of the saddle becomes quite long if we slide ourselves back. It is a little difficult to give exact calculations, but the proportion is, roughly, 4ins. in the saddle to 1in. on the leather.

Before, therefore, we can decide what length we are riding we must have a guiding rule as to where we intend to sit. Fortunately, this rule is quite simple. We should sit always as far forward as possible. Although easy to state, it is not easy to carry out, because with the movement of the horse the tendency to slip backwards is always present. Nevertheless, we must do all we can to counteract this force, because it is of great importance to the horse. It is important in the hunting field, and it is still more important in cavalry work.

Every infantryman knows how necessary it is to have the pack well up off his loins. The horse also knows what a strain weight on this part of his back is, but, unfortunately, he cannot tell us so, except by the exhaustion he may occasionally display.

So let us bear this in mind whenever we ride, and take three rules for guidance:

- (1) Sit as far forward in the saddle as possible.
- (2) Adjust the stirrups according to expected movement.
- (3) See that the stirrup leathers are vertical, and then it will be found that the balance of the body is established on safe foundations.



J. H. Vickers.

MOVING OFF TO DRAW.

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## THE ENGLISH SILVER PLATE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE unpopularity of the first and second Georges, which made the Young Pretender's 1745 march into England so alarming, arose largely from the natural affection of German princes for their German principality. Feilding makes Squire Weston declare loudly against any atom of his property going to support Hanover, but the two kings went there often and took over, for their use at their favourite abode of Herrenhausen, such Royal belongings as English silver plate, white and gilt. There much of it remained when the German law against female succession separated the Guelph inheritance from the English crown. In 1837 George III's fifth, but eldest surviving, son, the Duke of Cumberland, became ruler of Hanover, and his descendant has now parted with much of this silver, which has been on exhibition at Mr. Crichton's in Bond Street. All has not returned to these shores, for we do not see in Bond Street the fountain illustrated by the late Sir C. J. Jackson in his "History of English Plate" as belonging to the duke. Dated 1708, it is one of the most sumptuous of these great pieces which, with the accompanying cisterns, were central objects in the "sideboard" plate of the age, as we saw in these pages (October 27th, 1923), when tracing the history of the silver plate of John, Duke of Marlborough. It did not go to Hanover in 1837 and is still in Germany. But among the sideboard pieces that have been on view at Bond Street are pairs of two-handled cups and of salvers (Figs. 1 and 2) of great size and richness, the cups 15ins. high and the salvers 16ins. across, made by Philip Rolles. They have no date mark, but have the arms of Queen Anne, and so are a little earlier than an almost identical pair of cups by the same maker, which were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE in February, 1920, when the Methuen silver was dispersed by Messrs. Christie. They date from 1714, the year of Paul Methuen's appointment to the Spanish Embassy, when these cups, and perhaps salvers, were given to him as part of the plate, bearing the Royal cypher, which it was usual for ambassadors and statesmen to receive from the Crown, the same silversmiths and very much the same designs often recurring. Thus, helmet-shaped ewers and rose-water dishes were made by Pierre Harrache in 1701 and 1703 respectively for Marlborough and for John Methuen, and among the Cumberland plate is a similar ewer and an oblong rose-water dish, in silver gilt, made by David Willaume in 1702 and bearing the arms of Queen Anne. It would seem that George I, needing a pair for Herrenhausen, employed Philip Rolles in 1717 to duplicate the pieces that had come to him from his predecessor, but had his own arms engraved thereon, for both the Willaume and the Rolles ewers and dishes have now come from Germany, and the latter are illustrated (Fig. 3 [a] and [b]). These ewers have not, as a handle, the terminal female figure which



1 AND 2.—LARGE COVERED CUP AND SALVER (cup 15ins. high, salver 16ins. across). Made by Philip Rolles. They have no date mark, but bear the arms of Queen Anne. They belong to a pair, and an almost identical pair was in the Methuen Collection.





A

B

C

3.—A: EWER, silver-gilt, shaped like an inverted helmet, the lower part of the bowl and the lip enriched with cut-card work, the handle shaped as a double scroll. Arms of George I. Maker, Philip Rolles. London date mark 1717. Height, 8½ins. B: DISH to go with above. Length, 15½ins.; width, 12ins. Both these pieces were copied from and are pairs with those made by David Willaume in 1702. C: COVERED CUP, one of twelve, enriched with cut-card work and the arms of George I. Maker, Nic. Clausen. London date mark 1719. Height, 7½ins.



A

B

B

A

4.—A A: PAIR OF SAUCEBOATS, with lip at each end and handle at each side. Length, 8ins.; width, 6½ins.; Height, 3½ins. BB: TWO OUT OF TWELVE ROUND SALT CELLARS. Diameter, 2½ins.; height, 1½ins. Together with four salvers and ten candlesticks, the above belong to the same set as the casters with Prince of Wales' feathers (Fig. 5), and all were made by Pierre Platel in 1717.



5.—Centre: CASTER, one of set of four; pyriform type, but octagonally shaped; arms of George I. Maker, Luys Cuny. No date mark Height, 7½ins. At sides: SET OF FOUR CASTERS; round pyriform type, engraved with Prince of Wales' feathers. Maker, Pierre Platel; London date mark 1717. Height—tall, 8½ins.; short, 6½ins. This is one of two identical sets of four.

Harrache favoured so much, but merely a double scroll. The applied shell below the lip and the cut-card ornament on the base of the bowl are present alike in the Willaume and Harrache pieces. The latter silversmith is represented among the Cumberland plate by a small, rather flat-shaped porringer, dated 1685, but afterwards engraved with George II's cypher. Another pre-Georgian piece in this collection is a single caster made by Sam. Margas in 1713. The fellow to it is at Windsor (whither this one is returning), and we can imagine the odd one being hastily included in the necessary outfit of George I, on one of his journeys to his principality. The potations that were indulged in there are brought to mind by a set of no fewer than a dozen covered cups (Fig. 3 [c]), which bear more evidence of use than any other of the accompanying pieces, among which sets of casters are well represented. Bearing George I's arms we have a set of four, two large and two small, made by Luys Cuny in the pyriform shape which was supplanting the cylindrical form during Queen Anne's reign. These are octagonally designed, but two other sets are of the more usual round pyriform. Sets of three—one only large—were the usual thing, but sets of four appear to have been affected by the Royal family, for each of the three sets now in Bond Street is composed of two large and two small. A small one of the Cuny set occupies the centre of Fig. 5, and it is flanked by all four members of one of the round sets, both of which form part of a large quantity of table plate made in 1717 by Pierre Platel, evidently for the use of the King's son, as every piece has the Prince of Wales' feathers engraved upon it. The set consists—besides the eight casters—of two sauce boats and twelve salt cellars (Fig. 4), and of ten square-based candlesticks and four salvers. The Prince remained fixed in England during the life of his father, with whom he was on the worst of terms. But after he succeeded in 1727 he went as often and for as long as possible to Herrenhausen, and, no doubt, the Platel set was transferred there for his use. The sojourns there were enjoyed by him even before 1735, when, leaving England in May, he first came across Madame de Walmoden, took

her as a mistress and wrote enthusiastically about her to his very philosophic queen. In October he was obliged to return, but separation from his new love put him in the worst of humours, and he was liberal in abuse of England and the English. Next May he again slipped off and stayed on till December, his unpopularity in his island kingdom growing meanwhile, so that when a raging storm made him put back to Holland to avoid shipwreck, "people in the streets were heard wishing him at the bottom of the sea."

After the death of the Queen in 1737 the Walmoden was brought across and made Countess of Yarmouth. England then became more bearable to the monarch, but Hanover was not neglected, and thither went, but has now returned, a beautiful silver-handled set of dessert knives, spoons and forks for forty-eight people, dated 1745. That is the latest of the plate used there by our kings, for George III was no frequenter of the electorate which, after Waterloo, was erected into a kingdom, like Bavaria and Saxony. Much English plate of his time, however, was taken there by his fifth son after 1837, and is now in Bond Street. Notable among it are pairs of table candelabra made by Storr in heavy and exuberant Regency fashion, but of very finished workmanship. To the plate acquired by the Duke of Cumberland and taken over to his kingdom was added, in 1840, that of his favourite sister, Augusta Sophia, who, at her death in that year, will have left it to him. She had diligently tended her blind and mentally stricken father until his death in 1820, when a separate establishment was provided for her at Clarence House and at Frogmore. Silver that had belonged to Queen Charlotte—who had died two years before George III—came to her, and this also has reached Bond Street from Gmunden, which has been the principal Cumberland home since Prussia absorbed Hanover in 1866.

Thus, both from intrinsic excellence and from historic association, the collection which Mr. Crichton has so freely exhibited has been full of interest to the numerous visitors, first among whom were the King and Queen.

## LITTLE AND GOOD

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.



T. Fall. A FINE SEALYHAM HEAD—BALLYBUNION. Copyright.

STAYING recently in a country house I had the opportunity of getting on terms of friendship with a brace of Scottish terriers, whose amusing ways interested me greatly. Dogs are creatures of habit, performing with due ceremony and exemplary punctuality similar actions from day to day. Some are more original than others, giving play to their individuality or powers of imitation. I sometimes think the orderly canine mind must be perplexed, if not actually distressed, at the whims of households that are governed by the impulse of the moment rather than by a seemly routine. The little Scotties had nothing to disturb their orderly instincts. After meals they were always admitted to the room occupied by the family, their procedure being regulated by the hour. At night, having greeted the master with becoming dignity, one would retire to the comfort of a cushion, the other invariably jumping up on to the window ledge, pushing aside the blind, and sitting on her haunches until bedtime, intently looking out into the garden. Was she keeping guard, or did rats and other nocturnal creatures, running across the lawn, excite her attention? Whatever may have been the cause, she never made a movement, but sat gazing through the glass in sphinx-like immobility.

The improvement of this variety has been going on for fifty years or more, through which it has advanced by progressive stages from the primitive terrier of Scotland to the present smart, breedy-looking rascals such as are illustrated on these pages. Mr. A. G. Cowley's kennels at Hornsdene, Hurstpierpoint, furnish suitable examples for our purpose, since the "Albourne" terriers have been for some time, and are still, monopolising a goodly share of show ring successes. Five black champions in a direct line have been bred there, two of which appeared in the same litter, together with three other prominent winners. This denotes a consistency of policy that marks the sharp distinction between the man who works with a definite object and the others who hope to progress by a haphazard mixture of different strains, using any dog that happens at the moment to stand out conspicuously, irrespective of his antecedents. Mr. Cowley is too shrewd and experienced to be led away by passing fashion, his excursions into pedigree stock breeding having given him wisdom. He has bred hunters, Shire horses, Suffolk





LITTLEBURY NONA.



CHAMPION ALBOURNE MAC ADAIR.



ALBOURNE PLAID.



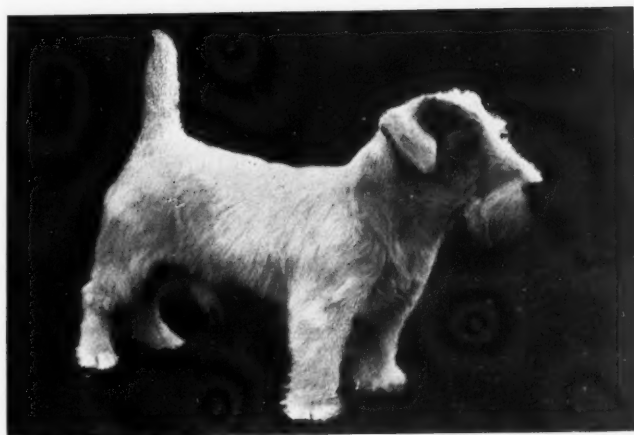
CHAMPION ALBOURNE ADONIS.



BALLYRAG.



BROCKHOLT BEAKER.



T. Fall.

BALLYBUNION.



DINGOS DOT.

Copyright.

Punches, Jerseys, Guernseys, Large Black and Middle White pigs, to say nothing of such smaller fry as fancy pheasants, rabbits, cage birds, pigeons and white mice, as well as wild animals.

Next to a preference for horses comes that for dogs. With regard to the special subject of this article, he attributes his success, first, to having stuck to his own line of bitches, and second, to pegging away against difficulties, and the ability to recognise when he was beaten by a better dog. In his opinion bitches play a dominant part in the production of good stock. Now and again a stud force arises so prepotent that the results are satisfactory no matter what the matings; but, generally speaking, he is convinced that it is the big masculine bitches that are invaluable. His advice to beginners is to buy females with great heads, short backs, good fronts and hard coats, and to be very particular about the colour of the eye. "No eye, no terrier." Dark eyes being the most difficult to get, the converse also obtains—light eyes are not easily bred out. The breeder has to ascertain the comparative degree of persistence of the faults that appear in the course of his operations. Those that indicate a reversion to the natural type will probably cause the most trouble, being more deep-seated than others that come out sporadically. In any case, a wholesome resolution to reach is the determination, as far as possible, to use the most perfect stock on both sides.

I have little sympathy with the theory of compensative mating. That is to say, the attempt to strike a balance by getting one parent strong in the features that are lacking in the other. In doing this we are risking the creation of an average mediocrity—not really bad, perhaps, but never conspicuously good. It is the conspicuously good that should be

of his kind. Mr. Cowley confirms my impression that in the course of the last twenty years they have improved enormously. Whereas at the opening of the century we had here and there outstanding specimens, to-day the rank and file have been levelled up. The bitches seem to be superior to the dogs, and have been so for some time, a circumstance which Mr. Cowley attributes to the fact that we have had no dominant sires since Ch. Bapton Norman and Seafeld Rascal. Without delving somewhat more deeply into pedigrees than the limitations of this article permit, I am not convinced that the explanation is complete. Is a sire, even one of great prepotency, responsible for producing more dogs than individuals of the opposite sex? Speaking from memory, I think Mr. McCandlish bred five champion bitches in succession some fifteen years ago. Among the Albourn terriers are many good bitches that trace back in tail female to one of them—Ch. Ems Cosmetic. It really looks as if the disciples of Mendel could claim that the factor for femaleness has become dominant in certain leading strains of the variety. It is an interesting speculation which should repay careful investigation.

Mr. Cowley added Sealyhams to his establishment soon after they received recognition from the Kennel Club, which was but a few years before the Great War began. It has been time enough, however, for the opening of a spirited controversy upon the developments that have occurred. As first seen in the show ring, they were a roughish lot of nondescripts, with a few of unquestioned superiority, and they have since been modelled into a general uniformity, characterised, as in many other breeds, by certain differences which are more apparent to the skilled eye than to the outsider. The most marked is a variation of size in exhibits within the limits of 5lb. or 6lb.,



T. Fall.

SEALYHAMS AND SCOTTISH TERRIERS.

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the ultimate aim of every intelligent person; not merely meritorious in one or two points that happen to be fashionable at the moment, but well balanced and symmetrical all through. A terrier, such as our Scottie friend, must be both a worker and a gentleman.

The illustrations of Mr. Cowley's dogs, which are too well known to need detailed criticism, will show that exhibitors have achieved the dual object. The modern Scottish terrier is smart, dour and stout of heart, having all the fire and courage

and it is around this matter of weight that the dispute rages. Mr. Cowley, in favouring 16lb. to 18lb. for dogs, and a couple of pounds less for bitches, remarks that a good little one takes a lot more breeding than a good big one; though, when judging, failing to find the former, he would go for one of the latter stamp. He stands apart from both opposing camps, although his leaning is towards the small ones. A rigid weight test cannot well apply to terriers. A judge must trust to appearance rather than to the scales.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### A POULTRY BREEDING EXPERIMENT.

WITH the approach of a new breeding season a question facing every poultry keeper is what to breed to get the best results. For years now we have made a fetish of breeding pure stock with a prolific record. The result is the prevalence of hens which can regularly top the 200 eggs a year mark, but there has been an appreciable reduction in the size of the eggs, more second grade eggs being laid than was the case ten years or so ago. These small eggs reduce profits and have led some breeders to look for an alternative method of breeding. Twelve months ago one became interested in the sex-linked inheritance theory and made some experiments. Beginning with a pen of White Wyandotte hens and a Rhode Island Red male, a number of first cross chickens were bred. According to the theory, the chickens which would eventually prove cockerels should have been white and the embryo pullets buff; but, being something of a Doubting Thomas, one ran on all the chickens hatched until such times as the sex could be distinguished unmistakably. The result was a complete justification of the sex-linked

inheritance theory. Only one of the twenty white chicks turned out a pullet, and all buff chickens were pullets. The average egg yield of these pullets has been quite satisfactory, and there has been a consistently good-sized egg from them. From October until January these first-cross chickens laid only twenty fewer than a similar number of pure bred pullets; less than two eggs per bird fewer, and the proportion of second grade eggs has been much smaller. It is quite possible that at the end of the twelve months laying test the pens will be practically equal. Even though the pure bred stock lays a few more eggs, the crossing appears to have almost eliminated the second grade eggs, and that more than compensates for the slight decrease in egg yield.

There is another advantage in this new breeding: it is possible to tell at a day old to which sex a chicken belongs. I can thus (1) kill off the male chickens immediately instead of feeding them along with the others for eleven or twelve weeks until it is possible to sort out the cockerels and sell them at a loss; or (2) I can separate the male chickens from the first day and, by special feeding from the start, force them to early



maturity and save myself a good deal of trouble and some loss by selling them off six or eight weeks earlier than if they were run with the other chickens and could not be fed a forcing diet for fear of bringing the pullets to early maturity and handicapping them as future layers. To the egg farmer whose available land makes it almost impossible to find room each year for his growing pullets without sacrificing some of the old hens before they have actually finished their laying careers, this method of breeding offers great possibilities, for if the male chickens were killed off at a day old there would be ample room for the pullets without sacrificing any of the older hens prematurely. The experiment, too, tended to show that these first cross chickens were stronger than the usual pure bred stock; at any rate there was a smaller percentage of deaths.

Of course, these crosses are not bred from subsequently, a second cross would not lay as well and the main object, that of distinguishing

the sexes from the start would be defeated; but one can make up a pen each year using hens of any silver breed and a male from some of the gold breeds. The scheme is certainly worth a trial.—W. S.

#### DIFFICULTIES OF MINOR AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.

There is a great deal of uneasiness about the figures of agricultural shows for the past year. The large shows are not the sufferers. The local show does not fail to be attractive, but it does not command the gate money, and the promoters are puzzled whether to increase the cost of tickets, or lower them in the hope that a larger concourse of people will prevent any loss from the cost of tickets. It is suggested that these shows would become much more interesting if they were limited to the county in which they are held.

## THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

THE New English is gradually changing its usual aspect, or at least the aspect it has worn for the last few years. Many of the most prominent members—John, Orpen, Guevara, Spencer, for example—did not exhibit this time, while a host of younger artists continue to make their appearance. It is significant to notice that there is nothing in the works of these newcomers of a very revolutionary character. There are very few pictures in which any liberties have been taken with natural appearances in order to carry out some daring scheme of composition, and a complete absence of the Cézannian still-life which always figures so prominently on the walls of the London Group exhibitions. This may be partly due to the policy of the Club, which has always been to welcome new ideas but to keep out extremists; but it is also a sign of the times. After the rapid succession of new movements which the last half century has witnessed, the general tendency to-day seems to be to combine, as far as possible, the new ideas and methods which have resulted from these movements with the older traditions in painting. Even in Paris the ideas of the High Renaissance seem to be coming into favour again. In this country where the movements were less violent this change is also less apparent.

The keynote of the sixty-ninth exhibition of the New English, held during January, was struck by Professor Henry Tonks in his "Posthumous Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Oliver." It is a memory of Victorianism, but its virtue lies in that it is not merely a portrait, but also what so few portraits are, a beautiful picture. The characters are convincingly rendered, but they do not assert themselves too much, rather they live in a world of their own, and every detail—the old clock on the mantelshelf, the early Victorian drawing in an ornate gilt frame, the elaborate wall-paper—has the double function of enhancing the design and of more fully recalling the atmosphere of a bygone age. Perhaps the most beautiful part of the picture is the colour. The rich blue trimming of the lady's dress, echoed so skilfully in a bunch of flowers on the right, gives the necessary accent to a harmony of silver greys and golds. Altogether it is, without a doubt, "the picture of the year."

A very interesting effect was produced by the hanging committee in placing side by side the two landscapes Nos. 60 and 62. They are exactly opposite in mood and treatment, and set each other off most successfully. "Les Amandiers," by M. Lucien Pissarro, is full of the joy of springtime, and bathed in light which is rendered in the true impressionist manner, so that we are more conscious of the brightness and shimmer than of any tangible objects. Sir Charles Holmes' "Pendragon Castle," on the other hand, is solemn and austere, the austerity being all the more accentuated by the fine construction of the composition and the vigorous painting of actuality rather than appearance.

The most important exhibit of the younger group of painters, at least in point of size, was Mr. Robert Chambers' "Pastoral Symphony." The insistence on the comic element is, perhaps, a little overdone, but the distribution of colour is very fine and were it painted more simply might form a very satisfactory scheme of decoration for some dairy or restaurant. An artist far better equipped for the execution of decoration is Miss Marjorie Rowles. Her two pictures, "The Return from the Stag Hunt" and "Frampton Feast," are too nearly monochromes to give a fair idea of her powers as a colourist, but they do show her fine sense of beauty in drawing and her excellent knowledge of design.

Let us hope that she will be given the opportunity of doing decorations and not be allowed, like so many of our decorators have been, to waste her talent by being forced into other spheres of activity. Another born decorator whose gift has been all too little made use of is Miss Ethel Walker. Her portrait of Miss Flora Thomas is very beautiful and her drawing, No. 188, has the rhythmic charm of line so peculiar to her, but the best of her decorative work is at present on view at the Goupil Gallery. Miss Mary Adshead has also a taste for decoration, but she is not so much a creative artist as a clever *pasticheur* with a trick of picking out the beauties from the works of the past comparable to that of Dulac or Sheringham. She ought to make an admirable illustrator of gift books or, better still, a designer for tapestry.

A very delightful picture is Mr. Bateman's "Milking Time." The playfulness of the young calves, the quaint circular design and the cheerfulness of the colour give one a more truly pastoral feeling than the far more ambitious "Pastoral Symphony" of Mr. Chambers. Another cheerful picture is Miss Pickard's "Flowers," a lovely piece of colour full of exhilarating freshness. Among the other good pictures, which are too numerous to mention, I might single out Mr. Cundall's clever painting "Cats and Ladders," Mr. Henry Lamb's "High Street Pool," Mr. Wethered's charming landscape, Mr. Collins Baker's "Westover Downs," a pleasant scene of unmistakably English character, and the fine "Wood" by Mr. John Nash.

The gems of the water-colour section were undoubtedly the three beautiful Wilson Steers. What magic of the brush enables him to render with a few swift strokes so much light and spaciousness and at the same time achieve such supreme beauty of surface pattern and colour? The extreme rarity of such perfection is amply proved by the fact that no other artist can even approach him in this sphere, though many endeavour to do so. Perhaps the most successful endeavour is made by Miss West, while good work in quite other methods of water-colour is done by Ethelbert White, Paul Nash, and in architectural drawing by Henry Rushbury. M. CHAMOT.

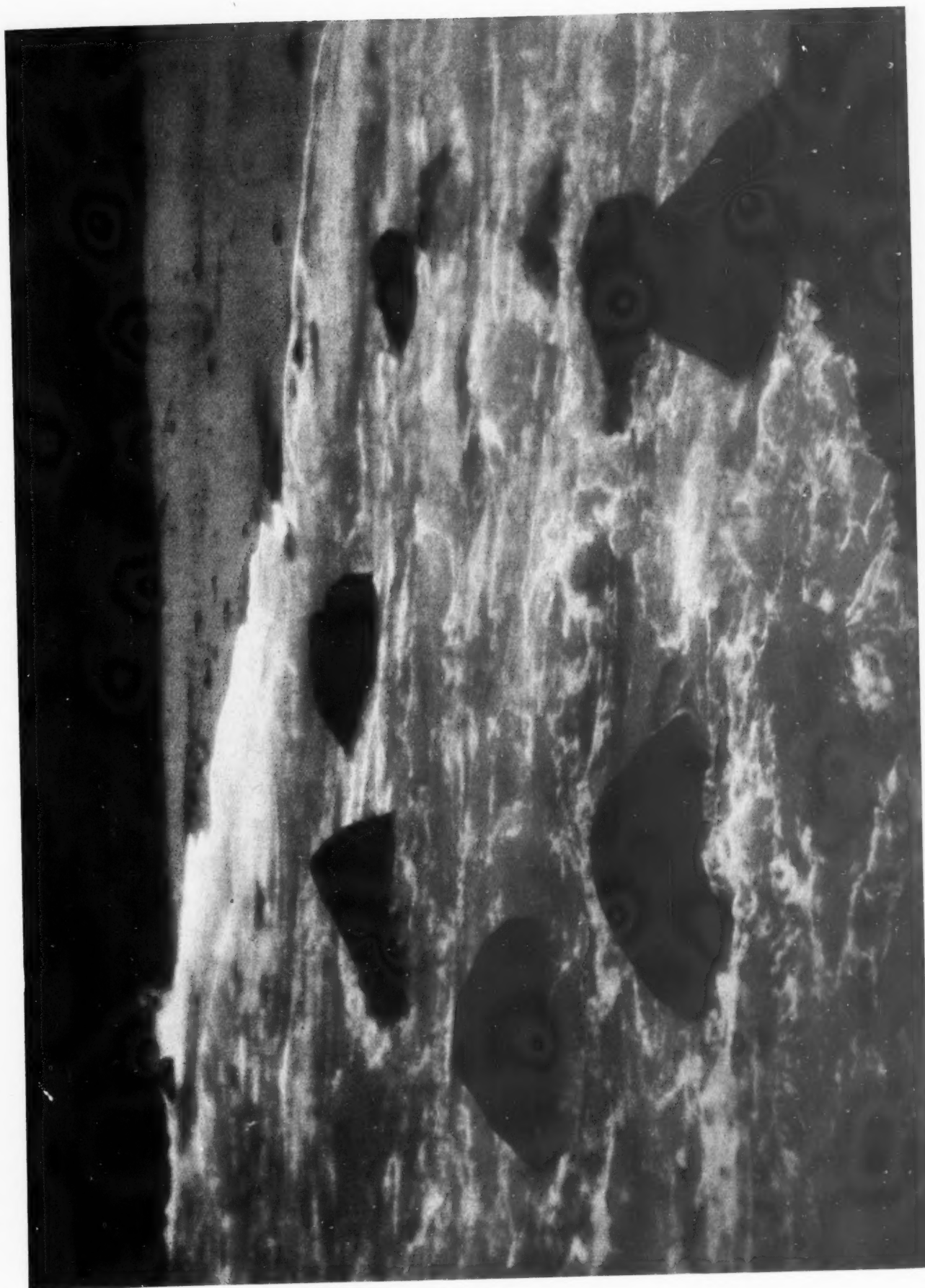


"PENDRAGON CASTLE" BY SIR CHARLES HOLMES.

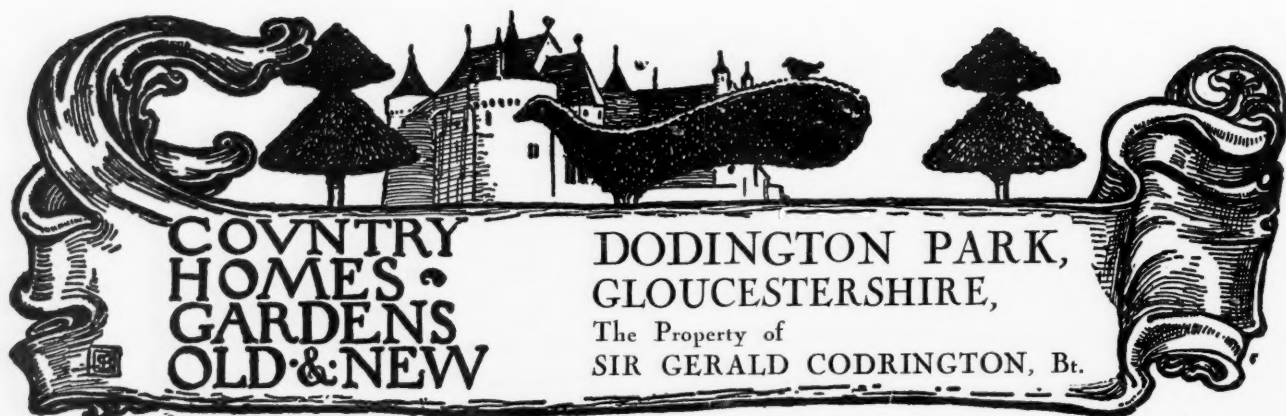


"THE GENTLENESS OF HEAVEN BROODS OVER THE SEA."





"AN UNTUMULTUOUS FRINGE OF SILVER FOAM."



**T**HAT piece of country lying inland from Bristol, with Bath to the south and Gloucester to the north, is famous on many accounts. The rider to hounds remembers it for notable runs over a broken but grassy surface, the invalid for the contiguity of its pleasant scenery to the waters, the walker for its excellent inns and wooded valleys, and the antiquary for the admirable building that characterises its villages and manor houses.

In the middle of this delectable land, between the Cotswolds and the Bristol Channel, up a valley of romantic loveliness,

lies Dodington, with Sodbury Hill, once the key position of a hilly and heavily wooded fastness, a little to the north. The road from Bath to Gloucester cuts through the tumbled land much as the Romans planned it, and Dodington reposes some six hundred yards off the highway on the left, when you have got ten miles out of Bath and have lately passed the woods of Dyrham. It is rightly known as Dodington Park, for the surroundings of the house remain in the memory of all who plunge down into their seclusion, when recollection of the building itself is blurred.

Some little time has elapsed since the day I followed the drive beneath great oaks and beeches, as it coasted the side of the valley, grassy at the bottom, and honeycombed with rabbit burrows. But I well remember the sensation of having left the world behind; of entering a valley of enchantment, narrow and deep at first, and hidden in woods, but broadening out into a kind of secret arena, with broad stretches of turf, clumps of aged oaks, and a curving lake, the sheltering woods watching from their hills around. Nor did we know, on that journey of discovery, what kind of house lay hid before us. Would it be like Dyrham or the Jacobean manor houses perched on the cold hills above, or in the still older manner of Little Sodbury? We were not prepared for the strange and town-like group of buildings which a turning in the valley at length displayed. Our sentiments of romance and mystery were suddenly tripped up by the sight of a very logical, precise building, very much *fin de dix-huitième siècle*. It was as if Talleyrand had strayed into "Lorna Doone." The necessary adjustment of ideas recalled to one's mind the difficulties of the three friends who went for a walk in that edifying book "Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque," a work that went far to forming the æsthetic of the early nineteenth century. The three friends, if I remember rightly, consisted of a *dilettante* versed in the laws of The Beautiful, an artist skilled in nosing out The Picturesque, and a country gentleman of culture who confessed himself perplexed by the distinction. These three, like the jovial huntsmen of immortal memory, hunted and holla'd and disputed over the respective objects that they encountered, and finally



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1.—A PORTICO AUSTERE AND VAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—THE SODBURY LODGE FROM INSIDE THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

joined in a grand disputation as to whether a sublime prospect which they came to, commanding an extensive countryside, was properly picturesque or beautiful. I forget which was decided; but we needed the ingenious Sir Uvedale in our company to combine the picturesque nature of its surroundings with the elegant aspect of the house before us.

The difference—of classic and romantic, beautiful and picturesque, studied and natural, ugly and pretty, summarise it how you will—has apparently always struck the visitor to Dodington. One finds Fosbrook, who visited the place for his history of the county just before its completion, in about

1806, affected in the same manner. He, however, had no doubts as to which was the nobler factor in the scene; he plumped straight for elegance.

"The Manor House," he writes, "was at first built, says tradition, with the materials of the Castle of Dursley. It has, however, yielded to a structure of sumptuousness and elegance, from a design by Wyatt, rivalled by few in the kingdom. To accompany splendour like this, the grounds, though assuredly without important fault, should have partaken less of the mere usual. They contrast unfavourably, instead of harmoniously."



Copyright

3.—THE PORTICO IS OF UNUSUAL WIDTH, ALMOST CONCEALING THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE GROUPING.

"C.L."



Copyright.

5.—AMONG THE WOODS AND VALLEYS OF THE PARK.

"C.L."



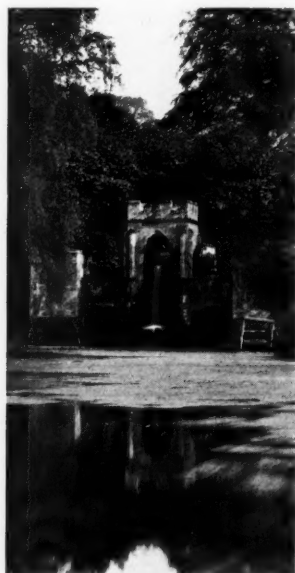
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6.—THE GARDEN FRONTS, SHOWING THE TERRACE STEPS.

"C.L."

It would seem that he would have wished Repton to have been called in to drill the wild freedom of the woods into an orderliness more congenial to the house. We may be thankful that the old park was left as it always had been; and even more grateful that Christopher Codrington, the builder, preferred Wyatt in his classic rather than Gothic mood. Ten years later no one would have thought of fitting the surroundings to the house. They would have built the house with pointed windows and battlements and have proclaimed it as picturesque as its setting.

The former Dodington, destroyed when Wyatt began the existing house, would seem to have been a large Tudor building, with wings and gables. Rudder, writing in 1779 in his *History of Gloucestershire*, described it as, "though not in the modern taste, yet large and handsome. . . . Two very



7.—CASCADE TO LOWER LAKE.

beautiful pieces of water, and the finest lawn about the front that can be imagined, interspersed with venerable oaks and other forest trees rising to the view from the house in a most exquisite landscape." The date of the Tudor building can be roughly guessed from Leland's cryptic note:

Dodington longid to the Barkeleys. The old place withyn the mote by the new.

Which is all he says before he plunges into a catalogue of "a glasse with bones," "pottes exceeding finely nelyd," and "yerthen potts, digged out the groundes in the felde of Dodington." His record, verified by various later excavations, at least reveals the fact that Dodington is on a site of very great antiquity, and suggests that a mediaeval building existed, probably in the bed of the present lower lake, before the Tudor house was built overlooking the old. At the time of Edward





8.—THE CEDAR TREE OVER THE DAIRY.

the Confessor the manor was held in two moieties, one by Aluvin, the other by Ulnod, from the Bishop of St. Laud in Constance. At Domesday Roger de Berchelai had united the manor, and his descendants continued in it all through the Middle Ages. In the fifteenth century the estate drifted away from the Berkeleys under the pilotage of successive heiresses, till it came to rest in 1474 with a family of Wekys or Wicks. About a century later Robert Wicks is recorded to have built the large house at Dodington; actually, he succeeded his grandfather, presumably as a young man, in 1556. But, as not infrequently occurred at that epoch, soon after building "the great house" he found it necessary to sell it. The purchaser was Giles Codrington. The Codringtons were originally of Codrington in the same county, and Giles seems to have been descended from one Robert who flourished in the time of Henry IV. Samuel, his grandson, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, married the daughter of his neighbour, Thomas Stephens of Little Sodbury (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. LII., page 440), and his son Thomas died in 1675. Samuel, the son of Thomas, came on evil days, and towards the close of the century sold Dodington to a remarkable and very wealthy kinsman, Colonel Christopher Codrington, sometime Captain-General of the Leeward Islands. Christopher's father and grandfather were of the same name. The latter, second son of Robert Codrington of Didmarton, was one of those who emigrated during Charles I's



9.—THE "AQUEDUCT" TO THE CASCADE.

reign to the New World, where he acquired large estates in Barbados. His son, for long Governor of the Leeward Islands, had two sons, Christopher and John. Young Christopher, born in 1668, came home for his education and passed early into All Souls. There, as his funeral sermon records, he "industriously improved" his time:

To the storing of his understanding with all sorts of learning, with logick, history, the learned and modern languages, poetry, physick and divinity. . . . Nor was he less careful of those politer exercises and accomplishments which might qualify him to appear in the world and at the nicest courts with reputation and advantage, insomuch that he soon acquired the deserved reputation of an accomplish'd, well bred gentleman, and an universal scholar.

An enthusiastic book-collector, he none the less served with distinction at Huy and Namur in the 1st Foot Guards, and, after acting as Public Orator at Oxford, where some compared him with Steele for wit, he was, in 1699, appointed to his father's office in the Leeward Islands. As he remained there almost entirely till his death, his purchase of Dodington is probably prior to that date. He is famous, however, less as a governor, whose rule was by no means always approved (there is an appeal against him by the people of Antigua, dated 1702), than as founder of the great Codrington Library at All Souls, for which he left £10,000 and £6,000 worth of books. In the year of the Antiguan remonstrance he resigned his office, made his will and retired



10.—BALCONIED COMMUNICATION GALLERIES IN THE CONSERVATORY.



11.—THE CASCADE, BUILT AS A CASTLE.



Copyright. 12.—THE CHAPEL, RICH WITH DARK MARBLES "C.L."



13.—THE HALL.  
RED COLUMNS, GILT CEILING AND MARBLED FLOOR.

to his estates, spending the remainder of his life in his Caribbean Library and in devising the curriculum of Codrington College in Barbados, which is still a flourishing establishment. His West Indian estates, or an income from them, he left to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The residue would seem to have gone to William, his nephew, son of his brother John, Treasurer of Barbados.

William in due course returned to England, where, as his wealth deserved, he was created a baronet in 1721, and resided at Dodington, dying in 1738. His son, the second baronet, also William, died in 1792, but, having disinherited his only son, Sir William, the third baronet, who proceeded to found a family in France, where his descendants still reside in happiness and esteem, though serving with British armies, Dodington went to Christopher, eldest son of a younger brother, Edward, who built the house as we see it to-day. From that time the place has remained in the same line without event, save for the conferring of a baronetcy on Sir Gerald Codrington in 1876. A younger brother of the Christopher who succeeded in 1792 and rebuilt the house was the famous Sir Edward Codrington, victor of Navarino in 1827, whose surviving sons became respectively Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea and an Admiral of the Fleet, prowess which has reappeared in our own times.

The body of the house which Wyatt erected for Christopher Codrington is outwardly of the most severe, and is stated to have cost no less than £120,000: a sum run up largely by the interior decoration and the large office regions. It also seems to have taken ten years (1798-1808) to be finished.

In 1802 it was sufficiently advanced to be impressive, for in the Malmesbury diary, under the date November 25th of that year, there is a note that Pitt and Malmesbury go "to Mr. Codrington's." Dodington: a very fine house, building by Wyatt."

The exterior compares unfavourably with Wyatt's other most famous country houses: Heaton, near Manchester, begun in 1772; and Fonthill, that Gothic cathedral, begun for Beckford two years before Dodington; or even with Ashridge. The most pleasing elevation is the side shown in Figs. 4 and 6, where the recessed centre, flanked by pilasters and surmounted by a rectangular pediment, has a cohesion and at the same time a richness lacking elsewhere. The entrance front, with its gigantic Roman portico, which has little relation to the short wall spaces that it suffers to be seen on either side, is typical of its period, and in its rigid purposefulness is not displeasing. The garden front, looking over the lake, is devoid of interest, where an architect with less bounded outlook than Wyatt at that time could have made at least some use of light and shade. Another point in favour of the side already mentioned is the grouping of the steps rising to the terrace (Fig. 6) round a kind of composition cistern filled with flowers. There, at least, is some individuality.

James Wyatt achieved an instantaneous success early in his career with the designing of the Pantheon in Oxford Street. He rivalled the popularity of the Adam brothers, and after their day he created a fresh phase of popularity by the first Gothic revival with which his name is usually connected. To this he applied the minute study of mediæval details and mechanics that in his youth he had given to the monuments of Rome and the remains of Herculaneum; and he is certainly the first serious architect of the Gothic revival. Dodington dates from this latter period, when he was already out of sympathy with the classic. In the year before he made out his designs for this building, Farington's Diary (November 7th, 1797) gives us a suggestion of his tastes in architecture:

Wyatt thinks St. Peters, at Rome, bad architecture.—It is divided into little parts. It is the size which makes it striking. There is no good modern architecture in Rome.—The best specimens are by Raphael. That of Michael Angelo is very bad. He thinks St. Pauls in London, very defective,—window over window, where there is only one storey . . . exhibits a false idea. . . . The three Porticos are the best part of the architecture, but should have only one range of Pillars. . . . The Portico of St. Martins in the Fields is good, and excepting the windows, the body of the church is well designed.—The spire bad.

In another conversation he discussed Vanbrugh's architecture and owned himself impressed by Blenheim;



though he found Vanbrugh's smaller buildings "disgusting," it is clear that Wyatt was offended by exuberance, by that *baroque* which we are now welcoming back to architecture. It is a complete absence of exuberance that gives Dodington so austere an appearance; it has the cold severity of a "Gothic" reconstruction.

The portico, as a portico, and viewed in perspective, is not without warmth. But Wyatt was saving up his enrichment for the interior. Thus, in the entrance hall (Fig. 13) we get a glimpse of the old Wyatt of Pantheon days: red composition columns and a floor of black and red marble divided by brass strips, the richly coffered ceiling, the coives of the sections behind the column-screen, enriched with quite exuberant trophies. The grand staircase, too, has a fine majesty about it, lighted from above, and we recollect that it was James Wyatt who remodelled the staircase at Buckingham Palace. The only crab is that such a stair, admirable in the town residence of a lavish entertainer, is not suitable for a country house. The reeding and the ironwork of the balustrade are details well worthy notice.

The individual rooms are rectangular and are distinguished from one another by their decoration. While not calling for individual comment, they are interesting as examples of Regency taste in its most restrained mood. The conservatory, however, contains a most attractive hanging gallery, conveying a passage along its concave face. The combination of lattice, trellis and glazing combine to give a charming effect.

In the wing to which this gallery conducts is the chapel. Here Wyatt's admiration of the simpler Renaissance architects, implied in his censure of Michelangelo and his pleasure in Raphael, finds expression. One is reminded by the simple cruciform plan and the central dome, of such a gem as Brunelleschi's Pazzi Chapel in S. Croce at Florence, and of the Bramantesque architectural backgrounds of the Florentine primitives. Only, segmental arches are employed, and the order is Doric; but the coffering and marble panelling of the dome and pendentives and arch soffits, and even of the floor, in white and dark green, combine to give an effect that, while rich, is also fresh and attractive. This little chapel, akin to the mausoleums of Brocklesby and Cobham, which date from this period, is worthy to stand with Wyatt's best work. So free is it from its period that the contemporary reredos looks insignificant and ridiculous—an effect enhanced by the lunette window squeezed under

the vault above it. The lunette windows are, indeed, the weak part of the design, but, being entirely surrounded by buildings, the arms of the cruciform plan had to be lighted by such apertures; and as the segmental arch had been adopted throughout, they had to conform to the prevailing shape.

Among the outworks of Dodington are found some of Wyatt's most pleasing creations. The dairy (Fig. 8) would be, if it were not largely concealed by ivy, an exquisite little building, with its domed portico and delicately panelled walls. The branches of the cedar tree



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14.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A splendid piece of work foreshadowing some of the great London staircases.

hover about it in the most proper manner conceivable. Wyatt's Gothic *flair* appears in the "bridge" at the head of the lower lake, to a window in which the stream from the upper spring is conducted in a miniature aqueduct. The magnificent background of foliage reflected in the deep, cool water makes this corner as romantic as it was intended to be.

We leave by the Sodbury Gate, flanked by colonnades and a neat lodge, reminiscent of Syon gates, or the entrance, also by Wyatt, to Wilton.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

# A LITTLE DAY IN SUSSEX

HOW A SHOOTING SYNDICATE WAS FORMED.

THE tendency of newspaper references to shooting is to take cognisance only of the sport obtained on big and important manors, and even then to concentrate on the special occasions when a party of notable shots has been brought together. From various points of view this slightly mundane leaning towards the grand and imposing is harmful to the cause of what is certainly the most widely practised of all British field sports. First, it ignores the vast majority of shooters who seldom take part in really big events, but whose keenness finds scope in hard striving for medium results; second, it obscures the well known fact that many of the attendants at big shoots take equal delight in those lesser days where every item gathered rewards either hard work or alert waiting; finally, it presents to the unversed public a wrong idea of what shooting, as ordinarily carried out, is really like. Chance alone brings one into contact with examples of what may be described as the general run of shooting. By way of example, therefore, I will set down the circumstances and events of a happy little day which I spent last November at a place within easy reach of Eastbourne.

The estate was upwards of 2,000 acres in extent and, although it enjoyed the services of three keepers, their efforts were hampered by the absence of preservation in the neighbourhood, associated, as this condition usually is, with none too sporting tactics on the part of adjoining occupiers. The owner lived in a pleasantly situated house having the Beachy Head range of downs by way of background to his view, a sea glitter to the left adding a spice of romance to the prospect. He enjoys shooting and has two sons no less keen, also a sprinkling of neighbours who appreciate invitations. The fly in the ointment was, formerly, the anxious task of making up his parties, inabilities at the last moment sending him scouring around among a limited selection of possibles. He had no great attractions to offer, nor was the shoot one where the available sport could be concentrated into fewer days. Hence, he saw no way out of what had become somewhat of a worry than to let the entire rights to a syndicate, in the process depriving himself and family of a very congenial recreation.

However, one of his intimates, who was also a frequent guest, suggested as alternative that the shoot should be syndicated by the proprietor who, while himself taking two shares, should retain the management in his own hands, letting the four remaining shares either in single units or pairs, according to the wishes of those who would be given first option. As money was not a vital consideration to any of those concerned, the idea was approved as soon as mooted, an informal meeting setting the



THE DOCTOR TAKES HIS BIRD WELL FORWARD.

scheme in shape. Everything went with a swing and a rush quite unlike the occasions when the same privilege was offered piecemeal for no payment at all. The relieved host had seen the last of his anxieties, discovering, to his surprise, that vacant places are easier filled at a price than by free invitation. His syndicate remained the old party of friends and, as such, was free of those little incongruities which so often mar these assemblies.

On the occasion of my visit I found gathered on the terrace a party evidently consisting of life-long intimates, the exception or exceptions being the guests for whom places are reserved by a system of rotation. So far from there being any difficulty in securing a full attendance, the opposite condition now rules, since others besides the former host may occasionally bring along a friend. Management details were equally smoothly arranged, the proprietor attending to all matters on the spot, while the several sections of the party do their own catering. Finally, an Eastbourne member takes the surplus game to market and duly accounts for the proceeds. At the end of the proceedings tea is served in the drawing-room for the benefit of those having but a short journey to make.

My visit occurred on the day which had been set down for first time over about half the coverts in the middle of the estate, these having received their quota of the 600 pheasants which had been reared. Unfortunately, it was one of those blustery, stormy occasions which have been so marked a feature of this season, a half gale of wind sending a procession of fleecy clouds across the sky and constantly threatening a renewal of the rain which had fallen copiously in the night. The head keeper had fondly hoped for a bag of about 120 birds, but the extreme wetness of the coverts, added to the lashing wind without, seemed likely to upset his calculations. The country was of a typical Sussex order, heavy and affectionate land, steeply undulating and plentifully besprinkled with woods and coppices of diverse form and area.

Our first stand was beside and around the apex point of a narrow strip, not good for driving because the bare inside could be seen from without, the forward running birds thus gaining knowledge of what was afoot. A good number rose, but mostly in clots and rushes, the birds playing sad pranks when the wind got hold of them. Nevertheless, occasional pretty chances were offered, and a nice pick-up followed. Rumour said that not more than half the birds expected had shown up, and the same sad experience was repeated throughout the day. The next drive having been but partially filled by the previous one did not benefit as it should have done from the much more sheltered situation of the covert concerned. As a result, although the birds came out in the right direction



THE OUTSIDE GUN



and flew well, there were not enough of them to do justice to the excellent natural conditions. After that the beaters mounted a hill and brought a covert clothing its western slope over the line of guns, these having been posted in the dip, and again the very promising conditions were defeated by the elements. Nevertheless, the bag was steadily mounting in total, mostly compiled from pretty twisting shots of the kind associated with a gale of wind. All the time we were leaving a lot of birds behind, the beaters, no doubt, being compelled to shirk some of the best holding places, while the birds were certainly in no mood for taking alarm on slight provocation. The next drive was a long strip of covert clothing the sides of a deep ravine, and as this had received a fair proportion of the escapes from the first wood, not only was there a better show, but they got up more freely—following, as might be expected, the line of the dell. Stops had been placed at intervals along its course, hence the rise began early and was nicely prolonged. Altogether, it was a pretty bit of shooting, its only anxiety being the need to avoid firing across the dell in the direction of guns posted on the opposite bank. The birds which for this reason had been allowed to go forward took refuge in a conveniently placed covert on a hill beyond, and this next received attention. After that came the interval for lunch, the hampers being opened and their contents spread in a deep cutting, the lashing of an oak tree above serving as a reminder that the wind had not abated in vigour.

During the afternoon the same conditions prevailed, and as is usual in such cases, the birds had gone no one knew whither, while the skulkers became more and more difficult to coax into flight. Everybody realised that a bad day had been struck and they took consolation from the fine sporting chances which were offered when once a bird really took it into its head to fly. Adding variety to the interest was some splendid work done in the way of retrieving lost game, several feats being accomplished which would have earned celebrity for a field trial performer. Perhaps, the dogs concerned might not have satisfied the judges in all particulars, but the fact remains they proved themselves good game finders in the ordinary run of business, also a delight to all onlookers. The bag finally compiled fell short of the round hundred by ten or a dozen head, but taking the day as providence ruled it should be, it had many compensations, while deficiencies in bag were rectified on the next occasion.

No visit of this kind can be paid by an attentive observer without stimulating reflections as to the measures which might profitably be taken to improve the sport provided and (more especially in such a case as this) ensure for the benefit of those who foot the bill the largest possible percentage of the game their efforts have produced. One may lay down as a general first truth that improvements can be more cheaply and expeditiously made on a shoot carrying an abundance of covert than on one where planting is a necessary preliminary to any schemes that are worked out. Although the brief glances that are possible during the progress of a day's shooting might be revised on closer scrutiny, the fact seems palpable that coverts which have been allowed to develop in their own way seldom lend themselves to the conduct of shooting under the best conditions. Pheasants are in a wood, the line of guns occupies a position decided by experience—not always the best position, but usually it is. The essential condition for free flight is that a thick matted screen of low growth shall conceal the guns from the view of forward-running birds, that back of this screen should be an open space giving every opportunity for the birds to get on wing, and that discouragement to further running should exist in the form of smewing, wire or equivalent device. Generally speaking, I should assume that no continuous effort has here been made in the directions noted, and that as a consequence a good many of the birds which fly the wrong way (or not at all) might become an asset to the owners instead of sooner or later ministering to the avarice of hedge poppers on the boundary.

There is always some sort of demand for timber either on an estate or outside it, and the idea would be to fell standards where their removal might be calculated to densify bare margins and to open up rising places within. Many a covert which is not a good holder of birds may be made so by opening up these snug and sheltered retreats inside a wood, a little shaping deciding the probable direction of departure by flight. Expenditure on such lines does not enable one to reduce the staff of keepers, though it immensely increases the shooting yield of their work. In these days, when so sustained a demand exists for fire logs, a portable sawing plant will often provide the means of recouping expenditure which was formerly prohibitive; moreover, now that shooting has been organised on a commercial basis the cares and attentions which enhance its value become practical politics. MAX BAKER.

## THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF A GREAT SCHOLAR

THE name of Dr. Sayce is so closely associated with the highest learning that there are probably few who would expect to find themselves charmed and pleased with the knowledge of human nature, the wit and the drollery which enliven the pages of his *Reminiscences* (Macmillan, 18s.). He was a weakly child, who very early found his vocation, which was, pre-eminently, the study of language. One of his early amusements was that of spending sunny afternoons copying the names and dates of Oriental dynasties from the pages of an encyclopædia or making drawings of Oriental inscriptions and works of art. He was introduced to the hieroglyphics of Egypt as a schoolboy, and, while recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, his introduction to Babylonia and the cuneiform characters sent him day-dreaming down the Tigris past Nineveh and Assur, where, in fancy's eye, he saw great bulls inscribed with "arrow-headed" script. All this might be a signpost to warn off the general reader, but, as a matter of fact, that genial skimmer of books would miss a treat if put off from the adventure of reading these *Reminiscences*. Within a few pages of that on which these early adventures of scholarship are chronicled we come to a charade of the day which ran:

My first expresses numbers, my second magnifies numbers, my third negates numbers, and my whole destroys numbers.

The answer being Co-lens-o, then a centre of controversy. Following it is the story of a Devonshire tombstone, on which a couplet common to that part of the world had been printed:

Take warning all who my example see,  
And learn to live betimes and follow me,

Some visitor had written below:

To follow you I ne'er shall be content,  
Unless I also know which way you went.

There are so many stories and anecdotes that it is difficult to choose among them, but those revealing character by means of an anecdote are, in a way, the cleverest. Here, for example, the egoism of Tennyson is recorded in that effectual and inoffensive manner. It occurred while Dr. Sayce was spending a few days with the Macmillans in Upper Tooting:

One evening he (Alexander Macmillan) told me that Lord Tennyson, on being asked whether he should name his son Alfred, answered:

"I should think not! He might turn out a fool." He had a good many stories, too, of Matthew Arnold. One day they were discussing Ruskin, and Macmillan remarked that he was "a gifted genius." Whereupon Matthew rejoined: "I prefer sanity."

Of the same kind is a story told of Matthew Arnold by Max Müller:

Arnold was met by a friend one day in Bond Street and asked what he had been doing. "Only having that perpetual miracle, my hair, attended to," was the reply. The hair was both black and thick. I think, however, the best story I ever heard about him was told me by Mrs. Sellar, to whom he described his wife as "a charming woman; she has all my graces and none of my airs."

Of course, everyone knows that Matt's vanity was a common subject of jest among his contemporaries. Max Müller, who told the Arnold story, was a very conspicuous figure of that time. He tells a droll story of Taine's failure to catch some of the familiar sounds of the English language:

Taine had been invited to deliver certain lectures on history at Oxford, and Max Müller secured lodgings for him there. When visiting him the morning after his arrival he found the French historian lunching off mutton-chops and buttered toast. On his remarking upon the curious combination, Taine replied that he supposed it was the English custom, as he had asked for a chop and "botatoz."

Two stories about the poet Swinburne are touched with what the French call *malice*, not our English malice:

Simcox introduced me to Swinburne at a small luncheon-party he gave in honour of the poet when the latter was spending a week-end in Oxford. . . . The poet, however, did not show to advantage. He had been making himself sick that morning on a surfeit of sweetmeats and was unable to eat his lunch, and his reddish hair bristled up in an unruly fashion on the top of his disproportionately large head. A year or two later, H. T. Riley, of whom more anon, told me that the last time he had been in the reading-room of the British Museum he had been disturbed by a sudden noise, and upon asking what was the cause of it was informed that it was "only Swinburne who had had an epileptic fit." "From which I infer," added Riley, "that epileptic fits are a habit with him."

Burton, celebrated for his translation of the "Arabian Nights," figures a great deal in these chapters, and from the references to him it is easy to build up a fine picture of his marked and burly personality. The reader gets one side of the man in a sentence when told that Burton informed Sayce that when he was "learning to speak a new language the first

thing he acquired was 'the swear-words'; after that, everything is easy. Many of the stories, like the one which follows, are extremely funny, without having a personal point:

At one of my luncheons with Henry Smith he told me that he had been a Sunday or two before at Worcester Cathedral, where he had been given a seat in the stalls immediately behind the choristers. In the middle of one of the Canticles the small surpliced imp below him chanted:

Who's this coming up the aisle?

She's a regular snorr-ter!

to which the corresponding imp on the opposite side returned the response:

Hold your tongue, you son of a gun!

It is the Bishop's dorr-ter!

Other of the stories have historical value. It is, for instance, extremely interesting to know how the author of that endlessly popular modern classic "A Short History of the English People," came to be interested in his subject. Here is the explanation:

Routh first started Green's interest in English history. "Johnny Green," as we used to call him, told me that as a boy in Magdalen College School he received a prize upon one occasion. The prizes were given to the boys by Dr. Routh. When Green came up to receive his, Routh said to him: "Boy, shake hands with me." Green did so. Then he said: "Boy, remember that you have shaken hands with a man who has seen Dr. Johnson." Green was so impressed that on his return home he read all he could about Dr. Johnson; this led him to read about Dr. Johnson's contemporaries and eventually English history in general; and "the result has been," he added, "the 'Short History of the English People.'"

Another feature of the book deserves to be noticed, and that is the authoritative account which the writer gives of many quips and cranks that have from time to time given rise to endless correspondence in the papers, as it seems inevitable that in a few years the text of a notable saying becomes corrupted. One remembers how many versions have been printed of the couplet referred to below:

Goldwin Smith's well-known parody of a Newdigate prize-poem on Nebuchadnezzar's grass-eating adventure,

The King surveyed the unwonted food,

And said, It may be wholesome but it is not good,  
was invented for Stanley's benefit in the University College Common Room, and Stanley's reply was: "Well, after all, the lines are not so bad."

Here is a wonderful example of that readiness in repartee which comes as a gift to some men:

At dinner on the night of his arrival Romanes referred to certain rhymes that had appeared in the American papers, which purported to convey moral lessons to children in some eight or nine words. McClure upon being challenged to produce something similar, with hardly a moment's hesitation gave us:

Little girl: Mazeppa horse:

Would ride: Gory corse.

Walter Pater joined to his great gifts a considerable number of what would be considered old-fashioned prejudices, as is shown from the following:

Pater had a pet cat which was fond of sitting on his writing-desk, and from which he drew the inspiration of his choicest sentences. In after years his chief aversion was the bicycle. I remember his once saying to me, "I like to see these young men enjoying themselves, but I draw the line at the bicycle." What would he have said had he lived to see the motor-cycle?

Journalists will read with interest the relation by Dr. Sayce of the manner in which the "Academy" was founded. It came out of the movement for the endowment of research which, at that time, was so keenly discussed that it became the fashion to classify friends as either "Researchers" or "Educationalists." Mark Pattison carried his enthusiasm for research so far that he "was supposed to dream of a University where there were no undergraduates, where the democratic clock was put back, and the endowments all devoted to the advance of science, literature and art." The undergraduates took it up and enlivened their wine parties by singing some verses which began:

Said the Rector with much candour:

"If there is a thing I hate,

'Tis that pestilential nuisance,

Called an undergraduate."

Pattison, however, had not the qualities of leadership, and the organisation was undertaken by Appleton, who was henceforth to be known as the first editor of the "Academy," which paper was founded to be its mouthpiece. At this time Sayce was at his zenith, for he had been elected to a Fellowship at the same time that the "Academy" was founded, John Murray undertaking the finance, and, as we have said, Appleton, a Fellow of St. John's, became editor. The following is a thumb-nail sketch of a Fellow's life at that time:

Marriage was still forbidden, and we all, therefore, lived together in our College rooms, where we could see as much, or as little, of one another as we chose. Like the Knights of Malta in old days, there was little opportunity for spending our money except upon hospitality. College cooking was famous, and London was near at hand. With a secured income and no families there was no inducement for saving

money, which was accordingly spent upon books and dinner-parties, subscriptions to scientific or artistic societies and foreign travel.

There is much in the book about Lord Kitchener, who was a great friend of Dr. Sayce, and the best story is about a dinner at the Sirdariya what time Kitchener was Sirdar. There was a long wait after the fish had been removed and the host became annoyed and fidgety:

At last, however, the next course arrived and the dinner proceeded without further misadventure. When the guests had departed Kitchener asked his *soffrâgi* what was the cause of the break in waiting. "Very sorry," replied the *soffrâgi*; "we did the best we could; the cook died of cholera just when the fish came; so we put his body under the table, and finished cooking the dishes as well as we could." Kitchener went into the kitchen and there under the table was lying the body of the unfortunate cook.

There are a great many other stories which we should have liked to have quoted, but space forbids. Let us not forget in laughing over these anecdotes that Sayce is one of the most learned men of our time. It was for no ordinary reason that he devoted himself to language. It was because he loved the study for itself and possessed a power of concentration that was in great measure the result of that love. Legend says that sometimes he would have a cup of coffee and a slice of toast for his breakfast and then become so absorbed in the particular study before him that he would forget all the meals for the rest of the day. The book unconsciously discloses an admirable picture of the author's strenuous intellectual life at a time when new knowledge of the Orient of the past was pouring in upon the scholarship of the world.

Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blues." Edited by Reginald Blunt. (Constable, two vols., 42s.)

THE vast correspondence of Elizabeth Montagu has, presumably, obtained its last editor, Mr. Reginald Blunt, who, in two volumes, has given us the letters, partially edited, bequeathed to him by her great-great-niece. Born in 1720 and living to 1800 in the midst of the most interesting, wealthy and fashionable society of that period, dowered with beauty, intellect and *esprit*, Elizabeth Robinson, a girl of good family and married into the ancient one of Montagu, seemed singled out by fortune. Her literary gatherings were hardly inferior to the eighteenth century salons in Paris presided over by the flower of French society. She was a patron of talent and without the condescension so marked in the nobles who bestowed their patronage on struggling authors. The poet James Beattie, son of a shopkeeper, vowed his advancement to her efforts and was a welcome guest, with his wife, at her brilliant drawing-rooms—an unexpected and magnanimous touch. As for the quality of the letters, the personality of the writer, some quotations are necessary. A letter to Mrs. Vesey describes Mrs. Carter, the most learned lady, once well known in France. "From Calais we went to St. Omer, where we saw the Jesuits College; we asked for Greek manuscripts for the amusement of Mrs. Carter, to the great amazement of the librarian, who imagined her to be possess'd, and would fain have exorcised her, but we assured him her learning could not lie more quietly in the red sea than it did in her head, such was the depth of her capacity. We were charmed with the town of Lisle which was our next stage, and here behold the metamorphosis of Mrs. Carter. She now began to consider Greek was a dead language, and that french words and a little coquetry would do better at Spa; so with the same facility with which she translated Epictetus from greek into English she translated her native timidity into french airs. . . . It goes on, with sparkle and pleasantry, and throws an amiable light on the great lady. To her husband, who was thirty years older, she writes, on going to Sandleford, their country mansion: "All the powder is combed out of my hair, all the vanities are vanished out of my head. I am meek in my manners and humble in my apparel but rather more clear than is usual for a female philosopher." The value of such letters as Mrs. Montagu's lies in their unvarnished stories of the times and it is a pity that there should be any omissions. Writing of George IV she says: "At Brighthelmston he did not give quite so much satisfaction to see him come drunk to the balls and sit in the Gallery at the Play with a Woman of the Town gave no great delight to the spectators. It is however allowed that when he is so drunk he can scarcely stand he dances better, bating a fall now and then, than any other Man, even when sober." Here follow dots and we are deprived of further alarming details of the first gentleman in Europe. Most amusing is the story of Hannah More's patronage of the Poetical Milk-woman of Bristol. Her "genius" led Hannah, conscientious woman, to collect funds for her and also arrange to publish her verse and Mrs. Montagu assisted monetarily although uneasy about the object of this attention. Miss More provided "Lactilla" with Ossian, Dryden's Tales and most delicious of all, "the most decent of the Metamorphoses." £500 was raised by the two ladies and as she had a ne'er-do-well husband they invested it in Government stock in their own names. Having done this the ungrateful poetess turned on Hannah in a fury, demanded the money, accused her of fraud and, unkindest of all, said she had ruined her verses by her corrections and her reputation by her Preface. Meanwhile, having decked herself in "very fine gauze bonnets, long lappets, gold pins, etc.," she declared her intention of putting Miss More in the papers and petitioning the King against her, said she had spoilt her poems through jealousy, etc. The whole transaction deeply stirred Mrs. Montagu's risible faculties and particularly by the fact that Lord Bristol had not only given the milkwoman £50, but was god-father to her child and she said, had the child lived, "with his Lordship's instructions and the disposition it might inherit from its mother, it possibly might have arisen to some great station—in botany bay." As Mr. Reginald Blunt says, the Bluestockings performed a real service to society by instituting in England intellectual conversation between men and women, and inducing the former by these attractions to give up the gaming and drinking that played such a large and pernicious part in London society.



# GLENBRANTER

A NATIONAL GARDEN AND ARBORETUM.

By SIR JOHN STIRLING MAXWELL, Bt.

THE Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew and Edinburgh are, perhaps, the most efficient institutions of their kind in the world, but in both cases limitations of soil and climate prohibit the cultivation in the open air of many beautiful plants which are quite hardy in other parts of the United Kingdom. Both have felt the need of subsidiary gardens in more favoured climates, and it is manifestly in the public interest that these should be secured while the flood of new plants from the Far East is still at its height. Neither Kew nor Edinburgh, for instance, can grow with success many of the new host of rhododendrons. Their number is so great—some 2,000 species, including plants of every size, from trees reported to reach the height of a hundred feet, down to tiny shrubs whose stature scarcely exceeds an inch—that few, if any, private gardens can hope to give them a fair trial and ascertain which are really worth cultivating.

Sir Isaac Bayley Balfour, who took the leading part in classifying this interesting and bewildering family, keenly felt the need of some place where the various species could be planted out and studied. Shortly before retiring from his post in Edinburgh he arranged with the Forestry Commission that a site should be reserved for this purpose at one of their planting centres in the West of Scotland. His colleague and successor, Professor W. Wright Smith, with his full approval, selected Glenbranter



A GENERAL VIEW OF GLENBRANTER.

similar to that on which the finer rhododendrons imported by Hooker were found growing in the Himalaya.

Here 50 acres have been reserved which will give room for the trial of newly introduced trees as well as plants of purely garden interest. The Forestry Commission and the Office of Works (the Department responsible for the Royal Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh), will co-operate in the undertaking. It is to be called the Bayley Balfour Garden. The expense to either Department will be small, and trifling indeed compared with the possible result, which may easily eclipse in beauty any botanic garden in Europe. So far as shrubs and herbs are concerned, ten years should suffice to make this dream an accomplished fact. As for the trees, the interest will steadily increase for the next thirty years and will not reach its maximum for seventy or eighty.

The reader may be inclined to challenge the choice of this site on account of its remoteness. Some sheltered bay on the

as the most suitable. This place lies between the Firth of Clyde and Loch Fyne, being thus well within the influence of the sea and little subject to frost. It is sheltered on the north and west by hills rising to 2,000ft., while the configuration of the site itself affords good local shelter. The rainfall is about 80ins. The soil is mica schist, in places overlaid with peat, the formation being



IDEAL COUNTRY; THIN OAK WOODLAND.



THE BURNSIDE, WHERE MANY RARE RHODODENDRONS WILL GROW.

western bank of Loch Lomond, for instance, would certainly have been more convenient, but it would not have had the same climate. It is not so much the extremes of cold, as the inconsistency of the winter temperature which appears to be the limiting factor. This is especially true of rhododendrons, which are, for the most part, mountain plants. The deadly fluctuations of temperature around freezing point can only be avoided by ascending the hills to a steadier winter or descending to the seaside where frosts are practically eliminated. The writer finds many shrubs and herbs hardy in the garden of a highland shooting lodge at 1,300ft., which he cannot keep alive 100ft. above sea level in the Clyde valley. But in Great Britain the maritime alternative is far better than the alpine, and in all respects but one, far more convenient. The arms of the sea which cut so deeply into the West Coast of Scotland and provide the desired climate, also seriously hamper communication. Glenbranter is, however, little more than two hours' journey from Glasgow. It is 15½ miles from Dunoon on the road to Strachur. Between Glasgow and Dunoon there is an ample service of trains and boats. Motors can be hired at Dunoon and charrs-à-bancs run thence to Strachur in summer. Glenbranter can also be reached by motor from Glasgow via Arrochar and the Rest Pass, a run of sixty-five miles through lovely country.

The Forestry Commission has already planted 1,200 acres at Glenbranter, and the planting proceeds at the rate of 400 acres a year. The site of the garden and arboretum will eventually be encircled by a forest of 4,500 acres, consisting mainly of Norway and Sitka spruce, Douglas fir and larch. The site itself is partly covered by a loose wood of oak and birch and partly consists of open ground. The main slope is towards the south, but the ravine shown in the illustrations turns sharply and provides a variety of aspects. So far as natural beauty is concerned it is enough to say that this is a typical West Highland glen. It has the charm of rock and tumbling water, steep banks and sheltered ledges, with verdant exuberance of ferns and moss below the trees, and heather, bracken and rushes in the open glades. The oak wood is, no doubt, natural. It has at one time

been cut as coppice, but in the better part the stools have been reduced for many years to single stems which now provide a high canopy. In the ravine, which is steep and rocky, the wood has been much neglected, as the illustrations show, and will require a good deal of attention. Mr. George Forrest, who has inspected and warmly approves the site, advises that the fallen stems should be left to rot on the ground, since they provide ideal conditions for many kinds of rhododendrons.

In the development of the garden Professor Wright Smith will no doubt feel his way cautiously before making drastic changes. His object, we understand, will be to leave nature alone so far as possible, merely making the ground accessible by paths and bridges where they are required, so that the exotic plants may be established each in the site that suits it best. In this way it should be possible on this steep ground to reproduce scenes of extraordinary beauty from the Himalaya and the mountains of China and Tibet, where the choicest rhododendrons and primulas may be seen, not in meagre groups as in our gardens, but clothing the hillside in hundreds. The multiplication of these lovely things is easy. Here there is space to plant them and the right soil and climate.

Among these scenes, which will owe their existence to his creative spirit, Sir Isaac Bayley Balfour's friends propose to raise a simple memorial to his memory. "It is suggested," says the Committee, "that the Memorial to Sir Isaac should take the form of a rest house for the use of visitors. This might consist of a simple shelter designed by a good architect, or, possibly, if sufficient funds were forthcoming, of a somewhat larger building, with a caretaker, where simple accommodation could be provided for visitors who wished to spend some days at the place. Other adjuncts, such as an entrance gate or bridge over the burn, might be considered, as well as the equipment of the rest house with a few botanical books of reference under proper supervision. It is hoped that this proposal to commemorate Sir Isaac in a place named after him, where the trees and shrubs in which he was so deeply interested can be grown as he wished, will appeal to his friends."

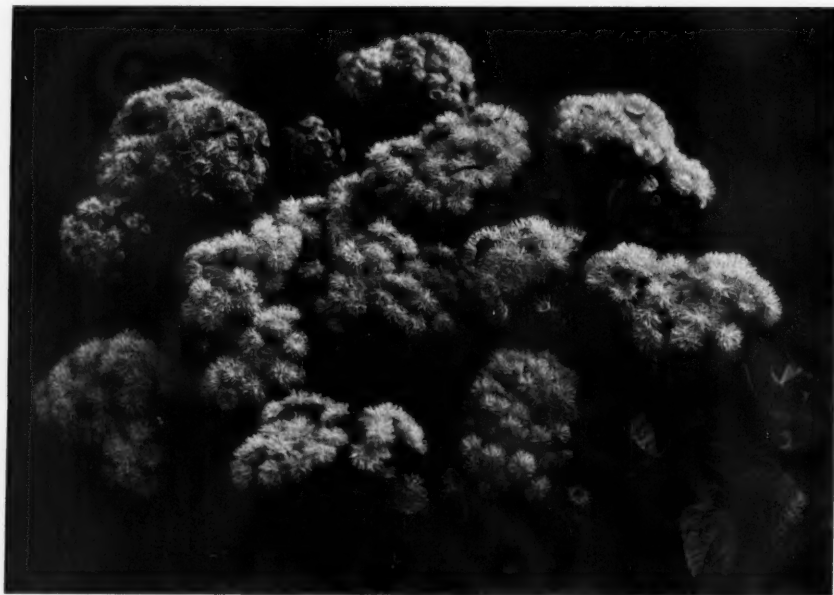
## A FEW OF THE BEST ANNUALS

A SECOND ARTICLE ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT WHICH IS SOMETIMES INCLINED TO BE NEGLECTED.

WITH the seed lists spread upon the table, several sheets of paper for the preliminary lists, and that other essential—plenty of time—we are still faced by a considerable difficulty in deciding which are the best annuals to purchase. Best, that is, for our own purpose—best from the point of garden display, showiness, beauty, cutting, length of life, etc. Obviously, one cannot expect to find all these virtues gathered together in any large number of individual kinds; but, as one who has grown a large proportion of these plants for many years, I do not hesitate to assure you that there is an extensive list of "bests" that do combine a very fair percentage of such qualities.

*Ageratum*. For bedding purpose, such as edging or entirely filling small beds, *Little Blue Star* cannot be excelled: the colour is charming, the habit compact, the height does not exceed 6ins. A taller variety—reaching three times this stature—is *mexicanum*, clear lavender blue, very bushy and continuous. *Agrostemma Cœli-rosa*, in both white and rosy purple, is really magnificent, perfectly hardy, 18ins. high, and flowers in a blaze of brilliance for several weeks in July and early August.

Asters lift and replant, with generous watering both before and after, these plants are indispensable for keeping things going during the latter half of the season. Among asters, one is faced by a truly bewildering array of varieties. Here one is bound to eliminate many good plants, but the best ground is covered by the *Comet*, *Ostrich Plume* and *Victoria* classes:



R. A. Malby. A GOOD FORM OF AGERATUM MEXICANUM.

though we must not omit the useful singles. These can be sown outdoors in May, either where they are to bloom or for transplanting.

*Coreopsis* are our next consideration, and we may say at once that of these there are no poor varieties. If you require large flowers for cutting, do not pass by *C. Drummondii* in orange yellow. This, given sufficient space, produces an amazing number of flowers with long, firm, wiry stems that it is a pleasure to arrange in tall clear glass vases. *C. tinctoria* is another gorgeous border variety, capable of immense effect when lavishly used in bold masses. Do not let us omit the dwarfier forms either—*Crimson King*, for example, is very fine, with masses of dark crimson flowers, while *Star of Fire* is equally vivid with cactus-shaped blooms in great abundance. One sometimes hears these recommended for edging purposes, owing to their dwarf stature—three-quarters of a foot—but I do not like them for this purpose, owing to the variability which seems as though it cannot be eliminated

however carefully the seed is saved. *Candytuft* is so easy and so brilliant that it would be impossible to pass it by. The common *candytuft*, *I. umbellata*, is first-class and provides a colour range that extends from white through flesh pink to lilac and purple right up to a dark telling crimson. The *Giant White Spiral*, too, is not a variety to miss; while the dwarf *French hybrids*, are invaluable where a really dwarf little plant is preferred.

The old-fashioned cornflower deserves to rank high among our best annuals, for it simply

Copyright.



flowers and flowers again, while, as an economical space filler, it is beyond all praise. In addition to this, you will never lack good material for cutting where a generous supply is desired.

Clarkias of all kinds are brilliant and continuous, the best time to sow being late April, as they do not then go to seed too early in the season. With cosmos, the great thing is to procure an early-flowering strain and sow seed in good time in a cool greenhouse. Failure to get the plants well forward during spring is the reason why so many gardeners tell you that cosmos flowers too late. We note that there is a new strain which, in addition to being early flowering, has double-crested flowers in white, pink and crimson.

If you demand æsthetic colourings from your annual flowers, sow a packet of *Dimorphotheca hybrida*, which gives you a great variety of charming shades; but if you seek intense brilliance you cannot beat *D. aurantiaca* with its vivid orange-hued, daisy-like flowers, which expand one after another over so lengthy a season. In annual *gaillardias* *G. picta* *Lorenziniana* easily leads as the very best and, by early sowing, will give you a succession of annual blanket flowers of unsurpassed brilliance. *Godetias* are very fine in August, and my selection among these is—Doubles: *Albanus* (rose), *Boadicea* (crimson) and *Enchantress* (lilac); Singles: *Bridesmaid* (pearl white with carmine blotches), *Duchess of Albany* (satiny white), *Duke of York* (scarlet with white centre), *Lady Albemarle* (carmine), *Princess of Wales* (bright red) and *Gloriosa*, the darkest of all.

The name of marigold opens up a wide field of extremely useful annuals that may be taken to include the French and African marigold, as well as the brilliant little dwarf tagetes, so useful as a groundwork to taller plants and for edging purposes. In the common "pot" marigold, one of the best forms I have met is *Orange King*, that literally sets the garden aflame in its own particular corner with immense very double fiery orange flowers. The seed lists give you the height of this as 1ft., but do not lose sight of the fact that this is about the height at which flowering begins, and you will find that they may quite double this before the autumn puts an end to their flowering activities. *Sulphur Queen*, in lemon yellow, forms a good companion double to this, though both are more effective when divorced from each other's company by a belt of some distinct coloured flower. In the African type we have only two colours from which to select, but both are admirable garden plants and, under good culture, give gigantic flowers. Among the dwarf French varieties there is a host from which to choose, among the most popular being *Legion of Honour* (bright yellow with velvety crimson blotches) and *Silver King* (lemon yellow with crimson maroon blotches). There is a certain similarity between these, so that both are not required; but a packet of the mixed double orange brown varieties, with the edge of each petal faintly picked out in bright yellow, will give you some charming flowers at little cost. Then, too, there is a near relative, *Tagetes signata pumila*, a little gem

for edging purposes that forms diminutive bushes 6ins. high, which give an unbroken band of gold all round the garden where they are planted. This takes but little heat to start and is very easy to grow.

While no one could claim for *mignonette* that it is a showy plant, our best annuals would be entirely incomplete without its inclusion. For fragrance the common *mignonette* is still unbeaten, though *Orange Queen* is also splendid in this direction. The common *nasturtium*, both dwarf and climbing, only needs a poor, rather dry soil to rank high as a flower-giver, and, with this cultural hint in mind, you are safe in sowing any variety of which the description attracts you. Never forget, however, that a rich moist soil will grow leaves and not flowers, and that those compact flowerful little balls that you see upon the seed farms are only produced by poor soil trodden firm. The name of *nemesia* can, of course, only call to mind one strain—*strumosa* *Suttoni*. This is supreme over all others and gives a tremendously varied display of richly coloured flowers that are second to none. Tobacco plants inevitably call to mind those lovely white blooms of *Nicotiana affinis*, and for the general planting this cannot be excelled, although a lesser number of the "red" variety is by no means ineffective. *Nigella* *Miss Jekyll* is the greatest advance that has been made in these lovely blue flowers.

*Petunias* are always gorgeous and never do better than on a dry sandy soil in a hot sunny position. Many excellent strains are offered, but for outdoor work it is impossible to excel the small-flowered strains. Many of these are named varieties that come remarkably true to type. Among these, mention may be made of *Blue Prince* (violet blue), *Rosa Bonheur* (light rose), *Rosy Morn* (rose with white shading), *Countess of Ellesmere* (rose with white throat), *Enchantress* (a wonderful mixture) and *maculata grandiflora* (lovely striped forms). The last word in quality is *Hender's* strain in which the size, substance and variety leave nothing to be desired.

In *Phlox Drummondii* we always like to buy several packets to colour, rather than rely upon mixed seed. This almost invariably gives you muddy tones, which are completely eliminated by a wise choice of your own. Make a note of *Superbissima* in connection with your *salpiglossis*, for not only is this the largest-flowered form, but the colours are stronger and the reticulation more beautiful than in any other strain. Just one little cultural hint here, too—never over-water the seedlings while small, or you will lose them all.

Finally, to conclude a very lengthy list, let us not omit the *verbena*. This is a grand old-fashioned flower that is never better than where raised from seed annually, for this gives large and vigorous plants that bear immense heads of flower, either to colour or in mixture. To colour, they do not sport greatly but it is better to plant rather thickly and pull out any that are not true to colour. The *auricula-eyed* strain is very striking, and with these you may be sure of a good range of strong colouring, each "pip" being thrown into striking contrast by the clear white eye.

H. W. CANNING-WRIGHT.

## THE LATEST THING IN HUMPS AND HOLLOWES

By BERNARD DARWIN.

ANYBODY who may have to wrestle with the problem of making a flat course undulating or a dull course amusing ought to go and look at the circumvallations arising on the ladies' course at Mid-Surrey. What J. H. Taylor did with Peter Lees to the men's course a good many years ago he is now doing to that of the ladies'. In this last case he is not only the architect but the contractor also, because the work is being carried out by the new firm of Taylor and Hawtree. Since the time when the phrase "humps and hollows" was first coined by some anonymous genius and passed permanently into golfing language, the art of designing and making them has considerably progressed. Those that are now being built seem to me distinctly in advance, both in gracefulness and effectiveness, of their prototypes originally made at Mid-Surrey. They are, indeed, extraordinarily good.

I am not going to describe the alterations to the course in detail. For one thing I have never played a round there. I have, indeed, at times done that which is, I believe, illegal: I have played practice shots on the course; but, being of a law-abiding and timorous nature, I have always run like a hare whenever I saw a lady heaving in sight. Consequently, my life has been too much that of a hunted outlaw for me to learn the numbers of the holes. I have, however, had a general impression of rather mild holes, old-fashioned bunkers and flat open greens. All that is changed now, and some of the greens begin to look like secret valleys among the mountains, where brigands might lurk or fairies dance. There are two of them next door to one another which used to be far too large and dreadfully dull. To-day they have become two narrow gorges set in a chain of graceful hills. In front of them are grassy dips, a little after the manner of those at Stoke Poges but rather shallower; behind and on either side are the hills, with every here and there a fold or pocket of sand. It is hard to believe that

the ground is, in fact, as flat as a pancake, so complete is the illusion of Alpine scenery.

I do not know that humps and hollows make golf much more difficult. Sometimes they actually make it easier. On the men's course at Mid-Surrey I seem to recollect that one sometimes found oneself close to the green under a very abrupt edge of a very unsympathetic bunker. To-day, if one is lucky and has the touch of one's mashie-niblick, one may make a series of most efficient recoveries, delightful to one's self and exasperating to one's enemy, from a grassy bank. But difficulty is not everything: anybody with a spade and sufficient ruthlessness can make a hole difficult. Interest and variety are far more important, and humps and hollows can and do give these qualities in a remarkable way. It seems to me that Taylor has done his work like an artist, and in my mind's eye I see crowds of insurgent men wanting to play on the ladies' course and being repelled by cohorts of niblick-bearing Amazons.

### GOLFING UNIONS.

Things have lately been moving as fast in the world of golfing politics as in the wider one of politics in general. The formation of a Surrey Union was obviously an important step. It made everyone say that sooner or later there would be an English Union. Now it seems that this consummation will come much sooner than later. Mr. Rayner Batty of the Lancashire Union has been sounding the officials of other county unions and the ultimate result is that there is to be a meeting at York on February 14th between the Championship Committee of St. Andrews and the Golf Unions of Great Britain and Ireland.

I imagine that everyone, unless he be a very red revolutionary or a very stodgy conservative, will be glad that the leaders of the new movement should express, as they do, sentiments of friendliness and loyalty towards the Royal and Ancient Club.

As I happen to be a member of the Championship Committee I must pick my words. The government of golf by St. Andrews has, doubtless, been no more perfect than our other human institutions, but it has served to maintain invaluable traditions of how the game should be played. I am conscious of a certain tendency in myself to say, "Leave me, leave me to repose," and to wonder sometimes why people cannot play without unions or why they are quite so excited about their handicaps. I am, however, also conscious that such a frame of mind is at this time of day antiquated and futile. Ireland, Wales and Scotland have all their unions, which have made for the greatest happiness in golf of the greatest number. It seems only

symmetrical, therefore, that there should be an English Union as well. I do not for a moment anticipate any of those results with which some people try to make our flesh creep. On the contrary, I am sure it will produce a more general feeling of contentment.

There is one point in the Surrey Union's programme which is, I am sure, good. It is their rule that a man who plays in the Surrey Championship must not have played in another county's championship or for another county within a period of two years. If county golf is to be of real interest it must be genuine; a player must have a real feeling for his county, and not think merely that a championship provides a good pot to hunt, or a match a good lunch to eat.

## GOLF IN JAPAN

**D**URING recent years golf has made enormous strides in Japan. Formerly the leading players were members of the Anglo-American communities settled at Yokohama and Kobe, but Japanese golfers have now taken up the game so keenly that for some years past the holder of the championship of Japan has been a Japanese.

Dan Leno が店頭の鶏卵を品等別に分類して 曰く - New-laid eggs, breakfast eggs, cooking eggs, election eggs.....何々 eggs と。之と同様に Golfer を分類した人がある。曰く、Professional, first class 'amateurs, caddies, ladies', parlors, infants, professors. と。

二十五年の自分の経験によると此の分類には相當真理が認められる。

Professor は全く獨特である。地震學から希臘語まで各種の professor と play したが、彼等は階級としては links で一番 worst player だと云ひ得る。

何故さうであるかは餘り明かでないが "先生! 希臘語は誰だつて教へますが golf は頭が入りますよ" と云つた caddie の theory は説明する迄もない。

註. 此の話は相當傳播して居る。Series of Golf に出て居るのを見ると。St. Andrew 大學の教授が永く他行して歸つてから caddie に game を教つたがどうしても甘く行かない。斯んなに Simple に見へる game を學ぶ事の出來ぬ無能を氣兼ねて何故だらうと caddie に尋ねた處其答は

"Oh, sir, ye see, anybody can teach thae laddies" (meaning the students of the University) "anybody can teach thae laddies Latin & Greek; but Gowf, ye see, Sir, Gowf requires a heid"

FROM THE JAPANESE PAPER "GOLFDOM."

many of the residents in the surrounding districts. It will probably be a long time before the three courses near the devastated districts are in good condition. There are, however, several other courses which have not been affected.

One of the most enthusiastic golfers in Japan is His Imperial Highness the Prince Regent, whose wedding took place on January 26th. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Japan, the two Princes played together on the links of the Tokio Golf Club, and it is to this club that both Princes have presented cups. The Prince Regent's cup is one of the club's most coveted trophies. The accompanying illustration gives some idea of its magnificence. It is of solid silver with the Imperial Chrysanthemum embossed on it in gold. The fortunate holder of this cup is the Marquess Nabeshima, who is one of the most ardent supporters of the game.

It will be noticed from the illustration that Marquess Nabeshima is wearing "plus fours." The Japanese national costume does not lend itself to golf, and nearly all Japanese golfers wear the regulation "plus fours" and fancy woollen waistcoats and sweaters.

A Japanese paper called "Golfdom," which is published in Osaka, deals exclusively with golf. In this paper particulars are given not only of the principal competitions in Japan, but of results all the world over.

There are few people who love golf more than those Japanese who have once begun to swing a club. No more

delightful opponents or partners can be found; they appreciate all the fine points of the game, and to persons who are brought up to understand and to practise the etiquette of the tea ceremony, the etiquette of golf comes naturally. Their temperament seems particularly suited to the game, and for this reason alone one might expect Japan to produce many fine golfers, but there are several difficulties to contend with.

Land is extremely expensive, far more so than in England, and there is practically no turf, so that a golf course costs a great deal of money, and at present the game can only be looked upon as a recreation or occupation for rich men. Moreover, the number of professionals who have stayed in Japan is small and the opportunities for getting lessons have been strictly limited. On the other hand, there are many Japanese who visit England and America, and of these not a few spend a considerable part of their time in improving their game and reducing their handicap. It is even rumoured that some of the most distinguished visitors come to Europe to improve their golf and attend to other business in their spare moments.

A minor disability is the lack of bad language. Sinologues have stated that Japanese contains no swear words and that the worst term of abuse is "baka," which means "fool." As part of the equipment of a golfer this word seems particularly unconvincing. It is not sonorous, nor has it sufficient body, while as an expletive it implies a serious lack of imagination. But even this difficulty the Japanese have contrived to surmount. I have explained that the game is at present still dependent on importations from abroad. Scotch tweeds and Scotch whisky are not entirely unknown on Japanese golf courses, and some of the language which is heard seems to have been learnt north of the Tweed.

E. F. C.



THE MARQUESS NABESHIMA WITH THE PRINCE REGENT'S CUP.



## CORRESPONDENCE

HERALDIC PAINTED GLASS AT  
OCKWELLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In these days, when men rush in with the wildest ascriptions of names of artists, Mr. Christopher Hussey exercises an admirable restraint and treads with an angelic wariness in refusing to ascribe the authorship of the Ockwells Manor glass to any particular individual. There are additional reasons why Utynam should be regarded as an even more "remotely possible author of these panels" than even Mr. Hussey would suggest; for, though very little is actually known about Utynam, it would seem that he was a glass manufacturer and not a "glasyer," i.e., a glass painter. This is shown by several passages in the grant of protection given to him in 1449, wherein it is stated that he had come to England at the command of Henry VI "to make glass of all colours" for Eton College and King's College, Cambridge, and that all glass made by him "and not for the use of the colleges may be exposed by him for sale," a remark which can hardly have been applied to stained and painted glass. Moreover, the materials he was to be allowed to take for his work, viz., "wood" (for fuel), "clay, stones" (for building furnaces), "ashes" (i.e., potash) "and metals" (colouring materials) are those pertaining to glass-making and have no connection with glass-painting. We are also told that Utynam was "born in Flanders," where glass-painters, not only English, but from all over Europe, went to buy the glass they used to paint on. Thus in 1485 the authorities of Toledo Cathedral gave to Master Henry the glass-painter a sum of 150,000 "maravedis" and told him "to proceed to Flanders or any other part he may desire where good glass is to be found . . . and bring us thence such quantity as he has need of for the windows of our cathedral." (Zarco del Valle, "Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de Las Bellas Artes en Espana.") On the other hand, it is extremely likely that the shields—not merely English, but typically of the London school of design—were, as Mr. Hussey suggests, the work of John Prudde. He was a glass-painter and, like Utynam, in the patronage of the king, being, in fact, "King's Glasyer" and actually working within the Palace of Westminster. He painted very many windows for Eton College, but whether on glass made by Utynam or not we do not know. Utynam's project, however, possibly resulted in failure, for we hear no more of coloured glass manufacture in England for some hundreds of years. The king thought so highly of Prudde as an artist that when Parliament, in 1450, passed the "Act of Resumption," a clause was inserted that nothing in the Act should prejudice "owre glasyer"

John Prudde in respect to a pension for life the king had granted him. Henry VI, therefore was evidently well acquainted not only with John Prudde's work but with him personally. Therefore the statement contained in the grant to Utynam dated the year before, that "The said art has never been used in England" could not have referred to glass-painting, but would be perfectly true of coloured glass manufacture.—JOHN A. KNOWLES.

## THE STATUE OF CHARLES I.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Mr. Hussey's interesting letter, he refers to the stone base, with its royal arms and trophies, of the celebrated bronze statue of Charles I, by Hubert Le Sueur, as being attributed to Grinling Gibbons. I know there has been much controversy on the point, but was under the impression it had been definitely settled as being the work of Joshua Marshall, Master Mason to the Crown. During the Commonwealth the bronze was sold to a brazier named Rivers to be broken up, but he was acute enough to hide it. It was set up again by Charles II in 1674, in its present position, being originally erected in 1639 near Covent Garden church, and was modelled for the Earl of Arundel.—JOHN S. SHARMAN.

[Two small points in our Correspondent's letter may be corrected. The statue is of lead, not of bronze. The brazier's name was Revett, not Rivers.—ED.]

## RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. Edward King's letter on the above subject in your issue of December 15th. Never have I heard of *Diplopappus chrysophyllus*, though certainly the name sounds most indigestible, and on that account I cannot say I feel surprised at the rabbits not attacking it. Of all the long list of rabbit-proof plants ever published, I find that my species of rabbits can somehow practically eat and appreciate all of them. A friend of mine once published a very exhaustive list of rabbit-proof plants, and I feel certain he never has regretted any publication more sincerely in his life than that list, for rabbits are always cropping up that can eat one species after another, and, just as surely, indignant letters from the owners result. It is with not a little timidity I make any suggestion, but I really think the following four plants are rabbit-proof, namely, boxwood, philadelphus, hypericum and nepeta. I fondly thought I had discovered another in the buddleia family, but my experiences were as follows, and I should much like to know if any of your readers could explain the reason: I planted out, beyond the garden rabbit-proof limits, five plants of

*Buddleia variabilis* in the spring of 1922. They were not interfered with by rabbits in any way, not even a leaf being sampled, either through that summer or the following winter, and, firmly believing that I had discovered another rabbit-proof plant, I very considerably increased my clump by planting quite a number more, taken from precisely the same nursery stock as those already planted; but in the course of ten days the rabbits had eaten every vestige of the newcomers, while they paid not the slightest attention to the five original plants, which were taken at an earlier date and, as I have already said, from the same nursery patch. Can any of your readers explain how the brutes knew the difference?—FORMAKIN.

## THE BUZZARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent who writes of the buzzard as a rare bird would find plenty of places in Devon and Cornwall where they are quite common. On the skirts of Dartmoor, for instance, they are certainly increasing in numbers, and on most of the larger river valleys in Cornwall one can be fairly certain of coming across them in the course of a day's tramp.—GERVASE WHEELER.

## BLUE BEDS AND OYSTER SHELLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my letter to you last week, on the subject of a fifteenth century Yeovil rector's blue beds, it was probably my caligraphy that was responsible for John Abbot of Muchelney being printed as of "Winchelney." With regard to Mr. Bolwell's mention of Wren's use at St. Paul's of oyster-shells for the bedding of stones, Wren was apparently following an old practice. Yeovil Parish Church, which is known as the "Lantern of the West," is a very fine and complete Early Perpendicular work, begun about 1380 and completed ten years later. Whole oyster shells are used extensively all over the building for bedding stones, and especially for those in the massive tower.—JOHN GOODCHILD.

## AN INDIAN BISON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an Indian bison taken in Kargudi jungle in the Nilgiris of Southern India. This was a very big cow: her quite young calf cannot be seen, owing to the long grass. The photographer had followed the tracks of the cow for six hours, thinking that it was a solitary bull, as the cows very rarely leave the herds. I believe this picture is unique. I have never seen a photograph of one in the wild state before, though I have seen a lot of such photographs of African game. C. CLAUDE WILSON.



AN INDIAN BISON IN KARGUDI JUNGLE.

## RENEWING LACQUER BOXES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be grateful to know how to polish old Japanese lacquer boxes which have got dull and lost their shine. Ought one to treat them with some kind of oil, or would it be safe to varnish them? Furniture polish seems no use.—G. STUART BLACK.

[Mr. Percy Macquoid, to whom we have put our correspondent's enquiry, writes: "If your correspondent wishes to renew the brilliant surface of her lacquer boxes, the best way is to get a little bottle of fine spirit varnish from Messrs. Newman, artists' colourmen, 24, Soho Square, and a flat varnishing brush about 1in. wide; dilute the varnish with the least little drop of pure spirit of wine, so as not to have it too slimy, and go rapidly over the surfaces of the box, washing the box well first and letting it be quite dry. It will be well to test the varnish on a common Japanese tray first, as if it is too thick and not rapidly applied without retouching it will be a failure—personally I should leave them alone under the circumstances. Oil would be of no use whatever."—ED.]

## ROSAMOND'S POND, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Now that the lakes, and birds, of St. James's Park have been restored to their pre-war dignities, it is of interest to recall a rustic pond once famous in the brilliant annals of St. James's and immortalised in the accompanying print from a drawing by Hogarth. Here Hogarth has drawn and the French etcher, Merigot, has engraved that "Rosamond's Pond" commemorated by Pope, by Swift, by Addison, and by minor wits and poets. The pond, "long consecrated to disastrous love and Elegiac poetry," as Warburton wrote to Bishop Hurd, lay obliquely across the west end of Birdcage Walk. A reference is made to it as early as the Exchequer accounts of 1612, in which £400 appears "towards the charge of making and bringing a current of water from Hyde Park, in a vault of brick, arched over, to fall into Rosamond's Pond at St. James's Park." A passage in Southerne's play, "The Maid's Last Prayer," published in 1693, indicates that the pond was not only associated with "disastrous and Elegiac" love:

"Lady Trickitt: 'Was it fine walking last night, Mr. Granger? Was there good company at Rosamond's Pond?'"

"Granger: 'I did not see Your Ladyship there.'"

"Lady Trickitt: 'Me! fie, fie, a married woman there, Mr. Granger?'"

Twenty years later the severe frost of January, 1711, seems to have introduced a more popular company than that of the Lady Trickitts and Mr. Grangers to the enjoyment of the pond. Swift writes in his "Journal to Stella": "January 31, 1710-11. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are."

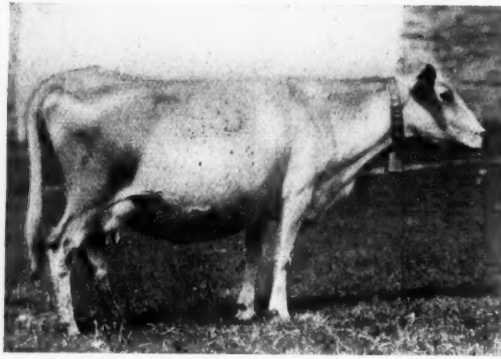


ROSAMOND'S POND FROM HOGARTH'S DRAWING.

To be enshrined in "The Rape of the Lock" is fame indeed, and to this distinction our Pond can lay claim:

"This the blest Lover shall for Venus take.  
And send up vows from Rosamunda's lake."

Barely two years after the publication of "The Rape of the Lock" Addison was writing his charming little sketch of a "country gentleman" at the pond, in No. 44 of *The Freeholder*: "As I was, last Friday, taking a walk in the Park, I saw a country gentleman at the side of Rosamond's Pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and with a great deal of



NORWEGIAN COWS.

Similar to the English breed of wild white cattle.

pleasure gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, whom should it be, but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my 22nd paper. I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion till he had not an oat left in his pocket."—G. M. G.

## RING PLOVERS NESTING AMONG POTATOES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A sandy beach at the extreme east end of St. Marys, The Isles of Scilly, is a favourite nesting ground of the ring plover. During the winter of 1921-22 part of this beach was enclosed with a stone wall and a mixed crop of potatoes and arum lilies planted thereon. During the summer of 1922 the ring plovers nested among the potatoes. Of the farmer and his workers they took not the slightest notice, both old and young running about without the least fear within a foot or two of their feet. Should any stranger, however, appear over the sky-line, all was confusion, the young scattering at once and the parents flying off with cries of alarm, remaining away until the intruders left the vicinity. During the summer of 1923 they had returned to nest on the unenclosed portion of the beach, no nest being found among the crops.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## ENGLISH AND NORWEGIAN CATTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photographs of Norwegian milking cows may be of interest to your readers on account of the marked likeness of these cattle to the Old English "wild" or park cattle. The colour and markings are identical, i.e., white with dark points. When recently in Norway I saw many beasts with the same black nose, black ears, black feet, and with tiny specks on the body. The Norwegian cattle are polled, but so were many of the celebrated old herds of "wild white cattle," and so still



are many of their descendants; in fact, the Park Cattle Society recognises two types, namely, horned and polled. The polled type are particularly good milkers, and the little Norwegian cows are also excellent pail fillers and give a rich milk. It seems probable that the likeness in colour and markings to our ancient breed of park cattle is no accident, but due to common descent from an ancient strain. However that may be, it comes as rather a surprise when wandering on a precipitous Norwegian hillside (Norwegian cows find grazing in places that would make English cattle giddy to think of!) to hear the tinkle of a cow-bell and come upon an animal so like the old so-called "wild" cattle of England. The cow photographed was not only a typical specimen, but was an old lady that had been long at the head of her herd, and was decorated with a large bell hanging from an especially elaborate collar.—FRANCES PITT.

## CANDLEMAS DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Candlemas is little but a name to most English people, and yet it continued to be celebrated long after the Reformation. In the days of Charles II numerous candles were still lighted to honour the festival, and they were greeted with the words "God send us the light of Heaven." In older, more superstitious days, mystic meanings were attached to the size of the candles carried in procession, and the way in which they burnt. Any ends remaining were carefully treasured, for they were held to have magic power when they were relighted, and to give protection against storm and tempest, frost and hail, or "any devil's spide." In Scotland, up to comparatively modern times, some curious old customs persisted at Candlemas. Boys and girls went to school with little money presents for their master, who sat at his desk, all smiles, ready to accept them. Sixpence or one shilling was the usual offering; but some children of rich parents rose to half a crown or even a crown. The boy and girl who each brought the biggest sums were named King and Queen respectively, and the master would oftentimes provide a bowl of punch and give each youngster a small glassful in which to drink the health of their "majesties." Afterwards they were both carried in state by their schoolfellows, who formed into a merry procession and made the "King's Chair" with crossed hands. Later in the day came the Candlemas Bleeze, when the furze was lighted, if there chanced to be some handy, and, if not, a bonfire was made of any kind of fuel. It seems a little uncertain whether this festivity really belonged to Candlemas, or had some connection with the Eve of St. Blaize. That saint, whose festival is on the 3rd, was honoured with bonfires in old England, apparently for no better reason than the fact that his name suggested them!—FEDDEN TINDALL.



# OUR FAVOURITE TWO YEAR OLDS OF 1923

THEIR PROSPECTS IN THE COMING SEASON.

A FEW weeks ago I began some references to the outstanding two year olds of 1923 and the probable bearing of their form on the classic races of 1924. In particular I dealt with the Aga Khan's very fine trio, Mumtaz Mahal, Salmon Trout and Diophon, the possession of which, or of either one or the other, would gratify most owners, who for years have been striving to possess one with the same pretensions. Since writing about them I have satisfactory news of their progress. Mumtaz Mahal, who had been partially turned out along with Cos, Teresina and Tricky Aunt at the Highclere Stud, is now reported to be back in training at Whatcombe. I believe that Cos, in particular, has done remarkably well from the policy. It is not one which is unanimously agreed upon as being wholly in the interests of the horses so treated. The object in view, of course, is to relax the rigours of training, to give complete rest, re-invigoration from prolonged periods in the fresh air, with liberty of exercise at will.

I find some friends, who are intimately concerned with ownership and training, are inclined to be rather afraid of Salmon Trout's forelegs, fearing, because of their formation, that he may prove difficult to train. As a matter of fact, this trouble may have been experienced last year, as it was not until the autumn that he made a first appearance.

The Aga Khan was reported the other day to have given a tip for the Derby, and it was not one of the three I have just bracketed. Well, there was certainly something astonishing in that. We may assume that the wish is not father to the thought, and that he is not hoping to see the horse he mentioned (Bright Knight, belonging to Lord Astor) prove superior to his cracks. Believe me, he is devoutly hoping that he has got the winner of the Derby in his ownership. Yet what of this colt Bright Knight? I happen to know that both his trainer, Alec Taylor, and jockey, Frank Bullock, think well of him. What the Manton trainer thinks well of is well worth our notice especially when the subject happens to be a high-class horse of which he has had such unique experience in the past.

At least it can be claimed for Bright Knight that he is undefeated, since he only ran twice and each time won. He first appeared for the Boscawen Stakes, being the outsider in a field of three, the other two being the Woodcote Stakes winner, Tippler, and Appleby. It was a near thing between the three, Bright Knight having a neck the best of Tippler, with the filly Appleby only a neck behind him. I came to the conclusion that Bright Knight had been probably underrated by his stable in the sense that he showed them he was probably better on a racecourse than when galloped at home. Such horses are the sort to possess, especially when they are in the first class. It was on the last day of the same month (October) that the colt was out again. This time it was for the Moulton Stakes of five furlongs, and he had to give 3lb. to the smart Beresford, who was favourite. However, Lord Astor's colt this time had a big following, and after a pretty race he won by a neck from Beresford, the third, Slippery Jane, in receipt of 18lb., being two lengths away. This was the last seen of Bright Knight, and on the whole we have little to go on. What, however, we do know is that he is an attractive colt of medium height and size, by Gay Crusader from the New Oaks winner, Sunny Jane, so that he is bred all right. He has done well in the interval, and there is no doubt they think a lot of him at Manton. We must remember, too, that the sire, Gay Crusader, was just beginning last season to justify himself. He had not done well up to then at the stud, but neither did his own sire, Bayardo, at the outset of his own stud career. Yet Bayardo was a great success at the time when he died, well inside the usual allotted span for a thoroughbred sire.

A few others that I should like to single out for honourable mention are such as Donzelon, Woodend, Knight of the Garter, Straitlance, Arcade, Hurstwood, Eton Wick, Obliterate, Gay Angela, Sansovino, and, possibly, Beresford, though I do not think the last named will ever be a stayer, at least not sufficiently so to win over the distance of the classic races. The one which attracts me most at the moment is Donzelon, a brown colt by Chaucer from Tortor, and bred by his owner Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux. He comes from a mare that has bred a lot of winners, including Dansellon and Torelore, and as a youngster this colt was always exceptionally good looking. I am sure that his trainer, Mr. Persse always thought highly of him from the time he first set eyes on him. Then some trouble must have occurred in the training of him as a two year old, and it was not until the end of October that he could be introduced to a racecourse.

It was in the race for the Dewhurst Plate won by Salmon Trout from Hurstwood, and for five furlongs or more close observers did not fail to note that the debutant showed excellent speed. When he tired he was properly eased, but it was made evident that here was a colt of possibilities. His only other appearance was for the Hurst Park Great Two Year Old Stakes of six furlongs, for which Mr. Somerville Tattersall's pair, Eton Wick and Hurstwood, were respectively first and second favourites. Of course, on that form I have just quoted Hurstwood should have finished in front of Donzelon again, but it so happened that Mr. Tattersall's

colt ran extraordinarily badly, while Donzelon showed such a wonderful burst of speed at the finish as to be able to get up close home and beat Purple Shade a short head. Now, Purple Shade last season was quite a performer in the first class, and it is simply because he does not figure in the classic races that he is not taken into the reckoning now. Yet his form was good enough to pay high tribute to the one capable of beating him, with far less experience, too, of racing. I am sure that Donzelon was nothing like at his best as a two year old. He has always been a very fine-looking individual; indeed, there was no better-looking one last season, and I therefore suggest that there are big possibilities about him, and that his candidature for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby be taken most seriously. He belongs to one whom many of us would rejoice to see win a classic race.

Knight of the Garter is owned by the King, and it follows that the future of this colt is a matter of the deepest interest to us all. He is possibly the best young horse the King has ever owned. I am not suggesting that he might not be better; indeed, I could wish he had proved himself to be from 7lb. to 10lb. better than he was. Yet he is a colt I have always liked for his breeding and excellent size, as also, too, his possession of character. Those are details very much in his favour. His races have not been won in what one would describe as perfect fashion. Something has generally occurred for some critics to take exception to; but, on the whole, I regard him with much favour and shall be keenly disappointed should he not retain his place in the top class and quite possibly prove good enough to win the Derby. He is, of course, in the right stable to be properly looked after, and though we are, perhaps, inclined to build rather too highly on horses owned by the King, it is, after all, quite natural that it should be so.

Woodend, by Lemberg from Queenlet, is a handsome colt, chestnut in colour, with fine speed and the right sort of action, as he showed when, with 14lb. in his favour, he defeated Diophon a head for the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket. He was beaten later, and the good impression did not grow, but I must say he promised quite big things on the occasion of that first auspicious outing. Until proved to the contrary, however, I shall look to Diophon, in spite of smallish ears and a rather sour sort of expression when he is finishing, to prove the better three year old. Arcade I do not think will ever be big enough to hold his own. He gained prominence as the one to inflict the only defeat on Mumtaz Mahal, which happened at Kempton Park. To that incident, however, I do not really attach a deal of importance. Arcade's trouble is that he lacks scope, though it would be delightful to find Mr. Anthony de Rothschild owning a classic winner.

Arcade is by Tracery, and on the whole I prefer Obliterate, also by that sire, from Damage. I should have no doubt on the point were it not that Sir Robert Jardine's colt has been subjected to some hard races. One in particular I recall. It was when the fast three year old, Golden Boss, only just beat the young one a head at York. Obliterate then had a gruelling race, and, as a rule, youngsters are no better for such ordeals, especially when they happen more than once, as was the case with this colt. What is in his favour is the fact that I am sure he stays well, while we know he has speed. It would seem that the odds against a Brocklesby Stakes winner succeeding in the Derby in the following year are very long indeed.

Hurstwood disappointed both his owner and trainer by his last running, which was behind Donzelon in that race at Hurst Park to which I have referred. It could not have been correct, and, though it is dangerous to make excuses, I feel certain that there was some reason, not perhaps forthcoming, which prevented the colt showing the necessary initial speed in that race. He is framed and endowed in a muscular sense on ample lines, and in the ordinary way he should make into a better three year old than the lean, wiry, and "varminty" Eton Wick. I am told that Gay Angela has done remarkably well, and really I do not think she should ever have been beaten. I think she is quite a charming sort, and her future will be a matter of real interest. She, also, is by Gay Crusader. Lord Derby, who has yet to win the Derby after coming so near to doing so on at least three occasions with Stedfast, Archaic and Pharos, has what I should regard as his best two year old in his Gimcrack Stakes winner, Sansovino. I am sure this son of Swynford and the old mare, Gondollette, is a most genuine stayer, and, personally, I have big hopes of him. He is well fashioned in the matter of physique, and will not lack for anything on that score.

Such is a brief run through the leading lot, and my deductions favour the best of the Aga Khan's trio—Diophon, Salmon Trout, and Mumtaz Mahal—Donzelon, and Bright Knight. Other likely ones have undoubted credentials of the right sort, and, after all, more often than not the Derby is won by a horse which was not the outstanding two year old of the previous season, though this was not always the case in years gone by. I hear of one with supposed Derby prospects that we have yet to see on a racecourse. I refer to Tom Pinch, an own brother to Captain Cuttle, owned by Lord Woolavington. They talk highly of him. If half of what they say be true then here is the Derby winner ready made!

PHILIPPOS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# LINK WITH A FAMOUS FAMILY

**A** MIABLY linked with Cheshire's past," said "T." in his fascinating story of Burton Manor, in *COUNTRY LIFE* (October 12th, 1912, page 490), and the Cheshire seat is also associated with the family of General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., K.C.B., and therefore with the famous dramatist of whom Dr. Johnson wrote:

"William Congreve descended from a family in Staffordshire, of so great antiquity that it claims a place among the few that extend their line beyond the Norman Conquest."

Mr. H. N. Gladstone of Hawarden Castle has decided to dispose of Burton Manor, extending to 2,000 acres, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the property, in the first instance as a whole, at Hanover Square in May. The estate comprises the residence, designed by Sir Charles Nicholson and rebuilt in 1904, a number of dairy and mixed farms, small holdings, residential properties and building sites, eight miles from Chester and fifteen miles from Liverpool.

"Given that a house is architecturally of so little interest that we are fully justified in obliterating its appearance, is it not better to pull it down and begin again?" With that question "T." opened his article on Burton Manor. He did so because the hall at Burton that was built in the reign of George III has been so completely embedded in new work that none of the original surfaces, either within or without, is visible. The result of the process is, however, satisfactory in the case of the Burton manor house. Whatever Ormerod the old historian of Cheshire might think, if he could revisit the spot, it was in his time "a situation commanding noble views of the Dee sands, the Welsh mountains, and the richer scenery which stretches from their base to the water's edge." That was just over a hundred years ago. Now the landscape is plentifully sprinkled with the towering chimney shafts and other appurtenances of industry, but those are at such a distance from the property as to be in no way an eyesore, and, they certainly heighten its contrasts. Having often surveyed the Wirral peninsula from many different points, we have never noticed any discordance attributable to the existence of factories along the water-side.

Mr. Henry Gladstone greatly enlarged Burton Manor, casing the older portions and adding new in the local sandstone, and he re-roofed the house with green Cumberland slates. The beauty of Burton Manor, and it is beautiful, springs from its general suavity of form and line, and apt materials sympathetically used. The hall is lighted by three arched windows looking into what is known as the Fountain Court, which, unlike some modern country houses having central courts, is cheerful and inviting both in colour and design. Indeed, "T." says, "Where, in planning a house, a central court is called for, that at Burton may be studied as an entirely successful example." The library has what he calls "reticent dignity, somewhat in the Charles II manner, with an oak wreath ornamenting its ceiling, while the mantelpiece, though composed of four marbles, is simple and quiet." In the music room "the low vaulting above the entablature is such as Robert Adam much favoured, but the wreaths and drops of the ornamentation are not in his manner." Professor Beresford Pite worked on the garden architecture, and the house, though practically new, retains an ancient setting—"a worthy example of what can be done in our day, but it is amiably linked with Cheshire's past."

The personal history of Burton Manor, as already indicated, is unusually interesting, for, at the time Ormerod described the estate, the then "modern building" had not long been erected by Richard Congreve, a relative of Congreve, the famous playwright, and brother of William Congreve of Aldermaston, Berkshire. Writing in 1912, "T." records that "Richard's descendants continued at Burton until, recently, General Congreve, V.C.,—who still holds the Congreve lands—sold Burton in order to acquire a greater acreage in his native Staffordshire." The letting of Chartley Castle, furnished, for a term of years, through Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on behalf of General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., K.C.B., was announced in *COUNTRY*

*LIFE* (June 16th, 1923), the property having been referred to at some length in the Estate Market page on February 3rd of the same year. The fact is worth recalling in connection with the coming sale of Burton Manor.

The residential and sporting estate, Otford Court, near Sevenoaks, is to be offered shortly. Broadstairs property, known as St. Elmo, is about to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Mr. B. J. Pearson, the local estate agent, who has recently effected many important local sales.

Notwithstanding the partial strike on the railways, the auction at Skipton by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of the Netherside Hall and Linton estate, was a conspicuous success. Every lot changed hands, in all 746 acres, including Netherside Hall, various farms, woodlands, and trout-fishing in the River Wharfe, for a total of £26,400. The sale, by order of Mr. R. W. Nowell, comprised altogether fifty-two lots. Mr. G. J. Harker of Grassington, Skipton, was the local agent.

### GROSVENOR HOUSE TO BE LET.

GROSVENOR HOUSE is to be let, unfurnished, for a term of years, with the small quantity of furniture remaining in the mansion if the tenant wishes to take it. Three or four well known firms of estate agents are open to negotiate a tenancy on behalf of the Duke of Westminster.

In the illustrated article on his Grace's other Mayfair mansion, Bourdon House, which was published in *COUNTRY LIFE* on October 22nd, 1921 (page 514), Mr. H. Avray Tipping remarked: "The Duke of Westminster's dedication of Grosvenor House for war work in 1914 led to his taking up his habitation in his much smaller, but certainly more agreeable and domestic, habitation, in Davies Street. The intention of reserving it for some member of the family, although not for its head, developed some fifteen years ago when its offices and other accommodation were increased and improved by the faithful and conservative hands of Messrs. Eustace Balfour and Thackeray Turner. Now huge houses are at a discount, and the Duke is not likely to again occupy the great family mansion facing the Park. Still less would he wish to remove to one of the towering piles that were built farther south on Ebury Manor lands for the mid-Victorian mansions of the very wealthy."

On November 5th, 1921, in the Estate Market column, it was stated that "the Duke intends to dispose of Grosvenor House, but whether that involves the prospect of its being offered by auction or in any other public manner is more than doubtful." Events since then have fully confirmed what then appeared in these columns, and many rumours that are like hardy annuals are disposed of by the present announcement.

The conversion of the mansion into a club is a scheme which would now receive careful consideration. Grosvenor House is large enough for a first-rate club, having reception-rooms on a very grand scale, and approximately thirty bedrooms, with an imposing approach, and grounds which extend to about 2 acres.

The mansion was built for the Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III, and was originally called Gloucester House. It is separated from the street by an open stone colonnade or screen, connecting a double arching entrance, above which are sculptured the family arms, and panels of the four seasons. The metal gates and other parts of the screen are enriched with flowers, foliage, fruit and armorial devices. The screen was completed in the year 1842, from designs by Mr. T. Cundy, whose earlier work, carried out in 1826, is also seen in the western wing of the mansion, containing the famous picture gallery.

### CHANGES IN WESTMINSTER.

ST. ERMIN'S HOTEL, Westminster, after being commandeered by the Government for use during the war, was placed in the market, and sold to a well known company whose intention it was to convert the premises into offices for the centralisation at Westminster of all their principal London departments. Delay ensued in giving possession, and the firm had to find other accommodation, consequently the property is again in

the market. Messrs. Hampton and Sons will offer it at their estate saleroom in St. James's Square on February 19th. It is completely adapted for its primary purpose as a great London hotel, and the prospects of the hotel business this year are thought in many quarters to be sufficiently attractive to make it worth while for an effort to be made to continue to carry the business on.

The value of so large and substantial a structure, with private access to the District Railway station, an island site of an acre, and a floor space of 116,000 square feet, in the heart of Westminster, is, however, so great that it is quite possible that it may be acquired for some other purpose. Accommodation at Westminster is becoming more and more difficult to obtain, despite a not inconsiderable amount of new building and of conversion of what have hitherto been pleasant old houses to commercial and professional use.

An important transaction in Westminster premises has just been carried out by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the firms having found purchasers for the building known as Imperial House, in Tothill Street, which has 50,000ft. of floor space.

Messrs. Trollope have also sold an extensive estate in Surrey known as Foxhills, Chertsey, comprising the mansion, park and other land approaching 500 acres, in conjunction with Messrs. King and Chasemore. The purchaser was represented by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. In consequence of the sale Messrs. Trollope have to sell all the furniture and effects at the mansion on February 12th.

### FUTURE OF HATFIELD FOREST.

IF the respected City merchants, the Houlbonds, who were such good friends of Samuel Pepys, might have felt pained at the breaking-up of their home at Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford, they would, it is safe to say, have found pleasure in the thought that that operation has been so soon followed by the transfer of a considerable area of the Hatfield Forest section of it to the public.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who acted for the buyer of the mansion and 1,570 acres at the recent auction (which was conducted by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, as announced in the Estate Market page of *COUNTRY LIFE* in November), have sold just over 300 acres of Hatfield Forest to the trustees of the late Mr. Edward North Buxton, by whom the land has been handed to the National Trust for dedication to the public. Mr. Kemsley acted for the late Mr. Buxton. A large additional area has also this week been presented by members of Mr. Buxton's family.

Hatfield Forest and the encircling woods cover in all 926 acres, so that a considerable area remains, and it is hoped that other public-spirited persons will come forward to purchase a further area to add to that already secured, so that the whole forest may be secured for the public. Certain parts of the area still for sale are not of great agricultural value.

The magnificent timber, including many extraordinarily fine oaks in the forest and surrounding woods, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., but as many young trees as possible are being left, and sufficient mature timber to preserve the amenities of the open forest was included in the sale to the late Mr. Buxton. Situated on the latter's purchase is a picturesque lake of nearly 10 acres and the curious old Grotto Cottage, decorated with shells 200 years ago by a member of the Houlbond family, to whom the forest belonged for many generations.

### MEDLAND MANOR, DEVONSHIRE.

CAPTAIN LAWFORD has purchased by private treaty, from a client of Messrs. C. R. Morris, Sons and Peard, Medland Manor, Cheriton Bishop, six miles from Crediton. The manor house, in the late Tudor style, was built by Mr. Jenkins, a member of the Bar, and it stands in grounds of 23 acres, with farms, woods and other land, in all 260 acres. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock acted for the purchaser. The rest of the estate, about 165 acres, will probably be submitted to auction at an early date. ARBITER.